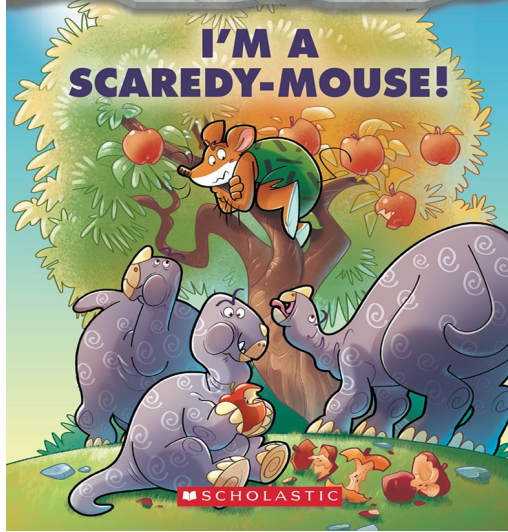




*Geronimo Stilton*

# CAVEMICE

**I'M A  
SCAREDY-MOUSE!**



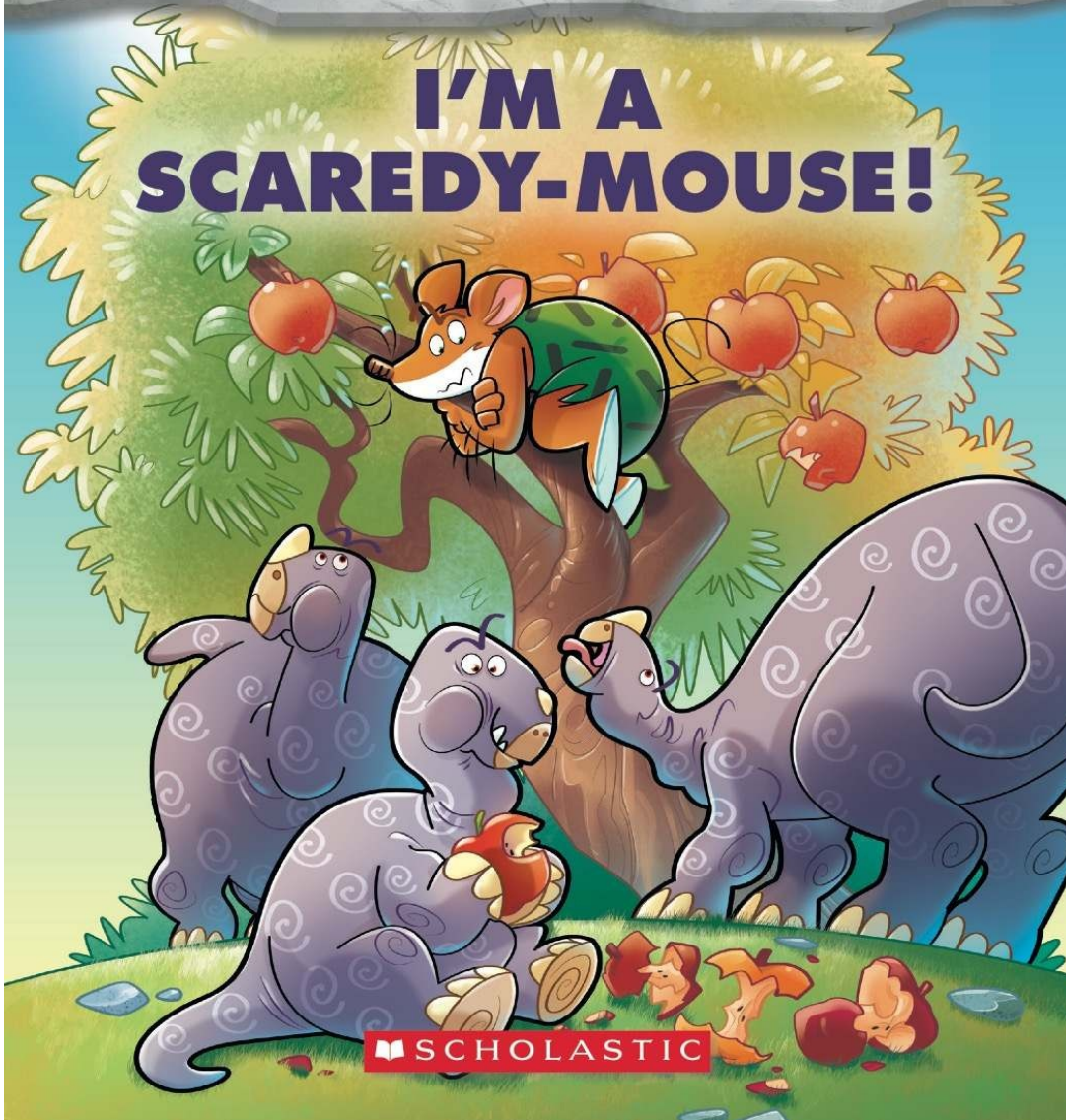
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Geronimo Stilton

# CAVEMICE

**I'M A  
SCAREDY-MOUSE!**



 SCHOLASTIC





**DEAR MOUSE FRIENDS,  
WELCOME TO THE**



**STONE AGE!**



# WELCOME TO THE STONE AGE . . . AND THE WORLD OF THE CAVEMICE!

**CAPITAL:** Old Mouse City

**POPULATION:** WE'RE NOT SURE. (MATH DOESN'T EXIST YET!) BUT BESIDES CAVEMICE, THERE ARE PLENTY OF DINOSAURS, WAY TOO MANY SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS, AND FEROCIOUS CAVE BEARS — BUT NO MOUSE HAS EVER HAD THE COURAGE TO COUNT THEM!

**TYPICAL FOOD:** PETRIFIED CHEESE SOUP

**NATIONAL HOLIDAY:** **GREAT ZAP DAY**, WHICH CELEBRATES THE DISCOVERY OF FIRE. RODENTS EXCHANGE GRILLED CHEESE SANDWICHES ON THIS HOLIDAY.

**NATIONAL DRINK:** MAMMOTH MILKSHAKES

**CLIMATE:** **Unpredictable**, WITH FREQUENT METEOR SHOWERS



cheese  
soup

milkshake



## MONEY

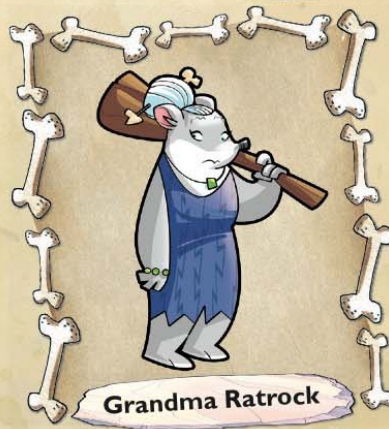
SEASHELLS OF ALL SHAPES  
AND SIZES



## MEASUREMENT

THE BASIC UNIT OF MEASUREMENT IS BASED ON THE LENGTH OF THE TAIL OF THE LEADER OF THE VILLAGE. A UNIT CAN BE DIVIDED INTO A HALF TAIL OR QUARTER TAIL. THE LEADER IS ALWAYS READY TO PRESENT HIS TAIL WHEN THERE IS A DISPUTE.

# THE CAVEMICE







*Geronimo Stilton*

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# CAVEMICE

**I'M A SCAREDY-  
MOUSE!**



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MANY AGES AGO, ON PREHISTORIC MOUSE ISLAND, THERE WAS A VILLAGE CALLED OLD MOUSE CITY. IT WAS INHABITED BY BRAVE *RODENT SAPIENS* KNOWN AS THE CAVEMICE.

DANGERS SURROUNDED THE MICE AT EVERY TURN: EARTHQUAKES, METEOR SHOWERS, FEROCIOUS DINOSAURS, AND FIERCE GANGS OF SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS. BUT THE BRAVE CAVEMICE FACED IT ALL WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR, AND WERE ALWAYS READY TO LEND A HAND TO OTHERS.

HOW DO I KNOW THIS? I DISCOVERED AN ANCIENT BOOK WRITTEN BY MY ANCESTOR, GERONIMO STILTONOOT! HE CARVED HIS STORIES INTO STONE TABLETS AND ILLUSTRATED THEM WITH HIS ETCHINGS.

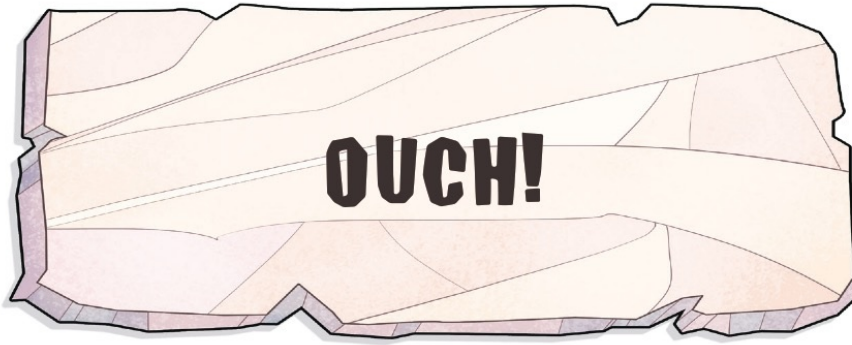
I AM PROUD TO SHARE THESE STONE AGE STORIES WITH YOU. THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE CAVEMICE WILL MAKE YOUR FUR STAND ON END, AND THE JOKES WILL TICKLE YOUR WHISKERS! HAPPY READING!

*Geronimo Stilton*



**WARNING!** DON'T IMITATE THE CAVEMICE.  
WE'RE NOT IN THE STONE AGE ANYMORE!





Ahhh, I love the beginning of summer! Trees are blooming, the sun is shining, the breeze ruffles your whiskers . . . how **peaceful**!

Even I, Geronimo Stiltonoot — the most **COURAGEOUS** journalist in all of prehistory (sort of!), the most **tireless** reporter in all of Old Mouse City (maybe!), the most **famous** editor of *The Stone Gazette* (well, the **only** editor!) — decided to take a few days of vacation. Yes, that's right: I said **vacation**!

I rented a cute little **STILT-HOUSE** on the Rapidfire River. I couldn't wait to **RELAX** with my sister, Thea, and my

sweet nephew Benjamin.

Once we arrived, I spent my time reading, drinking **BIG CUPS** of fern juice, and taking megalithic naps. Nothing could disturb this *dreamy* atmosph —

**ooooooooouch!**

A Ballasaurus hit me square in the snout!

## THE BALLASAURUS

The Ballasaurus is an armored reptile found only on prehistoric Mouse Island.

It is very playful! When it is in the mood for pranks, it rolls itself up into a ball, which is how it got its name. The Ballasaurus is a fairly lazy creature and doesn't like to stray far from home — so it is the only ball that voluntarily goes back into the hands of whoever threw it!





OUCH!

---

“**BALLLLLLLLLL!**” a voice shouted as I rubbed my sore snout. What Paleozoic pain!

“Hey, Cousin! Get off the **BALLASAURUS** court!”

Oh, I almost forgot — my obnoxious cousin Trap had come with us, too. That mouse never misses a **vacation!**

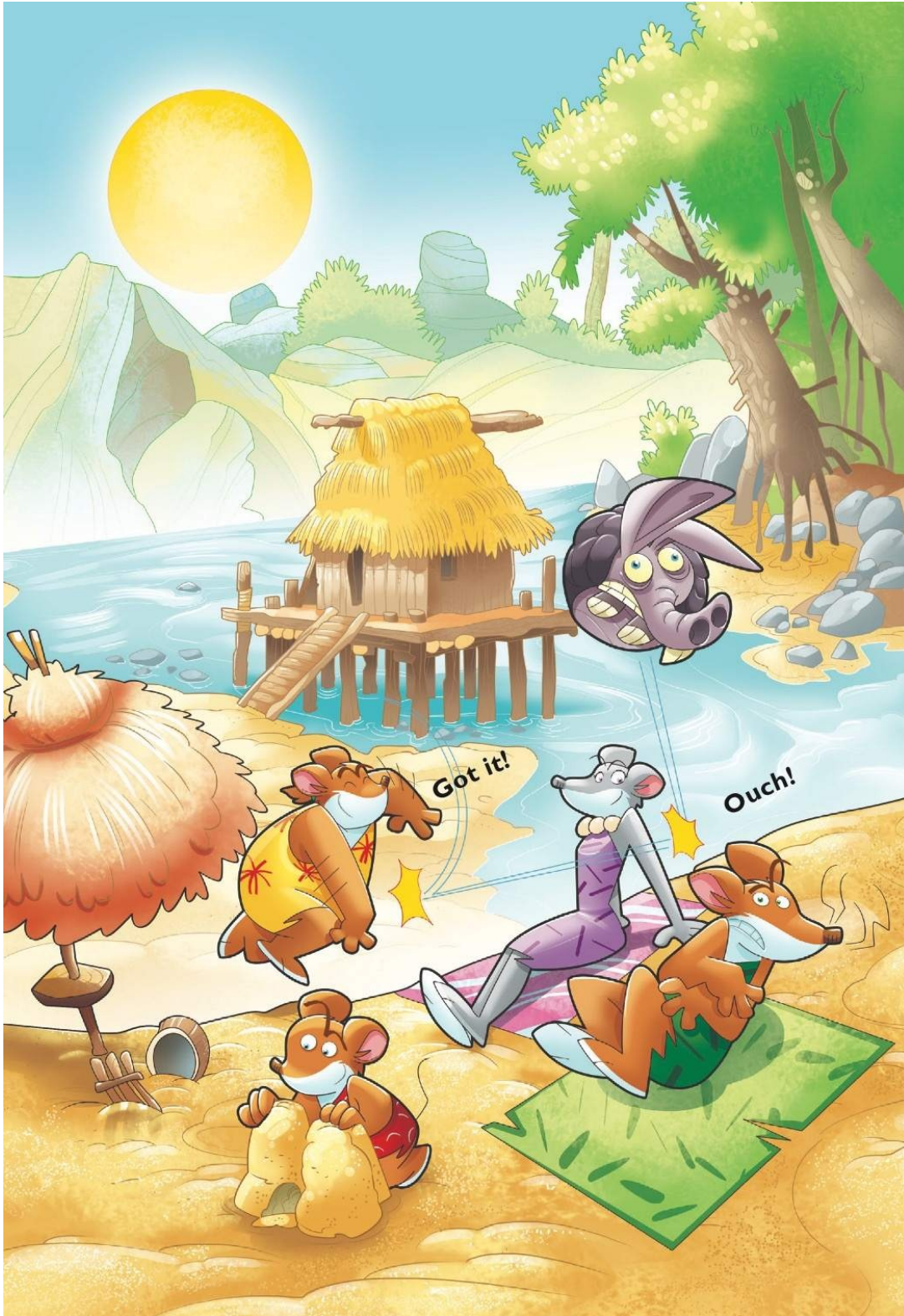
“Do you really have to **play** right here?!” I squeaked.

“Where else would we play?” he scoffed, getting ready to throw again. “Come on, enough lounging around, lazybones! At this rate, by the end of the vacation you’ll be even **flabbier** than before.” He flexed his arms. “Look at me! Check out my abs and my bulging muscles.”

Then Trap burst into a series of goofy poses, **spinning around** on his tail and making his stomach flop up and down









OUCH!

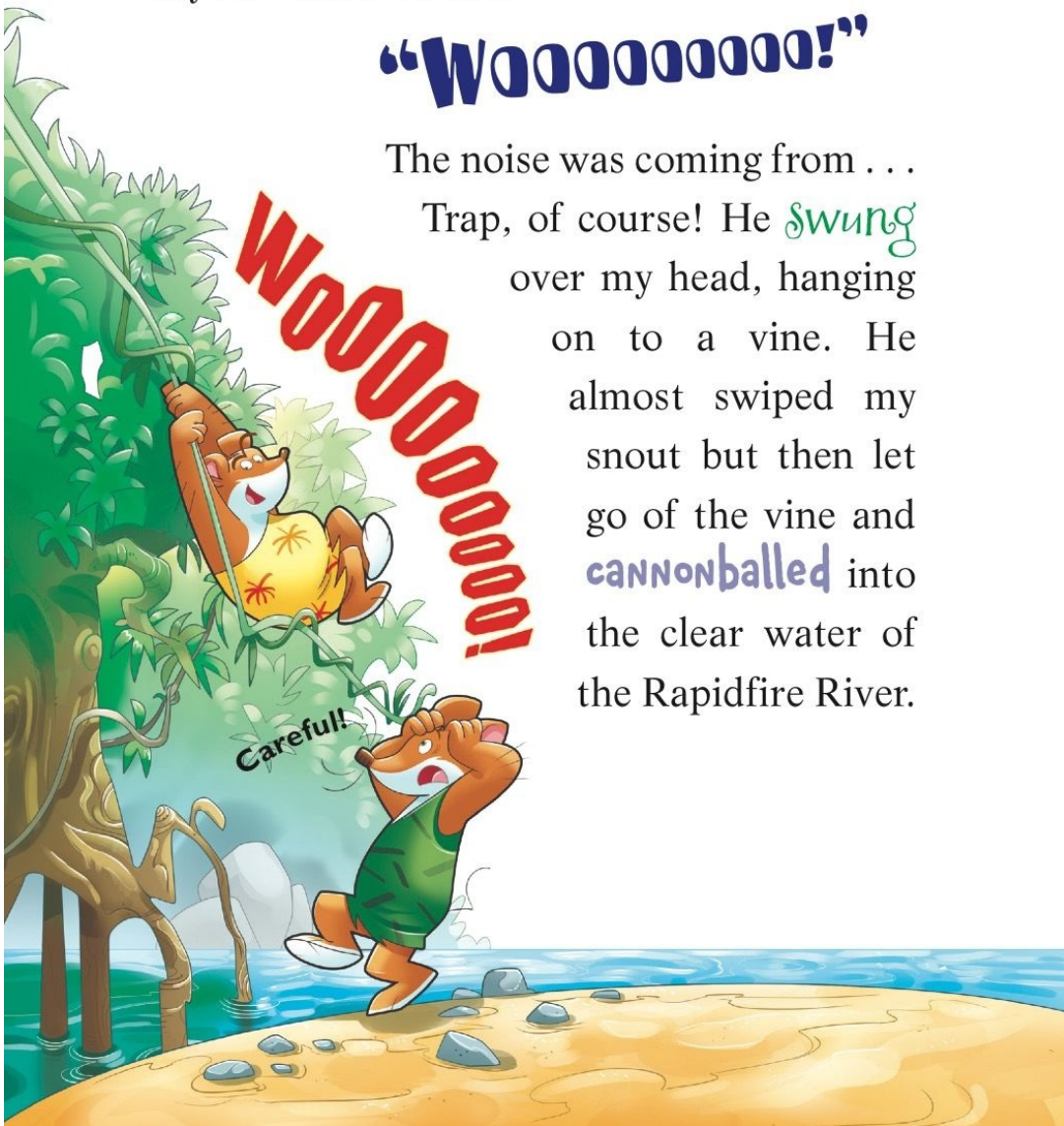
with the grace of a hippopotamosaur.

I was about to leave, but a wild yell made my fur stand on end.

**“Woooooooooooo!”**

The noise was coming from . . .

Trap, of course! He **swung** over my head, hanging on to a vine. He almost swiped my snout but then let go of the vine and **cannonballed** into the clear water of the Rapidfire River.





OUCH!



SPLASHHHHHH!

A massive wave **soaked** me from the ends of my whiskers to the tip of my tail. Petrified provolone, I was wet!

“Not bad, huh?” Trap said, strutting out of the water and **splashing** all over me. “Am I an expert diver, or what?”

**UGH!**

Soaked and fed up, I decided to take a walk in the forest. I had to get away from the **chaos**, away from the **splashing**, and most of all, away from my cheese-brained cousin’s **bragging**!





I headed into the thick **FOREST** and walked along the Rapidfire River until I found a perfect spot to rest.

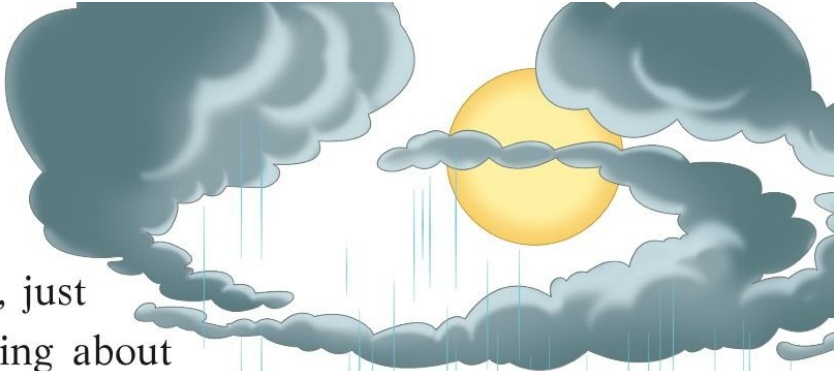
A carpet of **pine needles** covered the ground, blooming plants cooled the clearing, and best of all . . . no cannonballing cousin in sight! How **relaxing**!

I curled up in the shade of a prehistoric palm to take a nice nap. But before I could even close my eyes, a giant **SHADOW** covered the ground in front of me.

**Guip!** What could it be?!

An Apatosaurus? A Megalosaurus? Or a **TERRIBLE** T-T-T-T. rex?! (Crusty cheese





rinds, just  
thinking about  
it makes my  
whiskers **tremble** in fright!

I guess maybe I'm a bit of a scaredy-mouse.)

Quaking, I gulped and looked up. But  
it wasn't a dinosaur at all — it was just a  
**cloud** that had covered the sun. What  
a relief!

Then it started to rain . . .

**Drip! Drip! Drip!**

Ugh — it seems like  
every time I go on  
**vacation**, there's a  
rainstorm. And this was  
a real downpour!

**Drip Drip Drip**  
**Drop Drop Drop**





DRIPI! DRIPI! DRIPI!

I had just **dried** off after Trap's cannonball, and now I was as soaked as a Paleozoic sponge. **HRUMPH!**

I was about to head back to the stilt-house, but the soggy sand had suddenly turned into disgusting **SLUDGE**.

I took one step and — **squish!** My paws were sucked down into the mud. Another step and — **GLUB!** I sank in the sludge up to my tail!

**OOF!** At this rate, it was going to take







forever to get back.

When I finally arrived at the stilt-house, I was dead tired and covered in gloppy **MUD**.

“**Helppppp!**” Trap exclaimed. “It’s . . . it’s . . . the Rapidfire River **monster!**”

“I’m not a monster!” I sighed. “It’s me, you **CRAZY** mouse — it’s Geronimo!”

I stumbled into the **STILT-HOUSE** to get out of the rain.

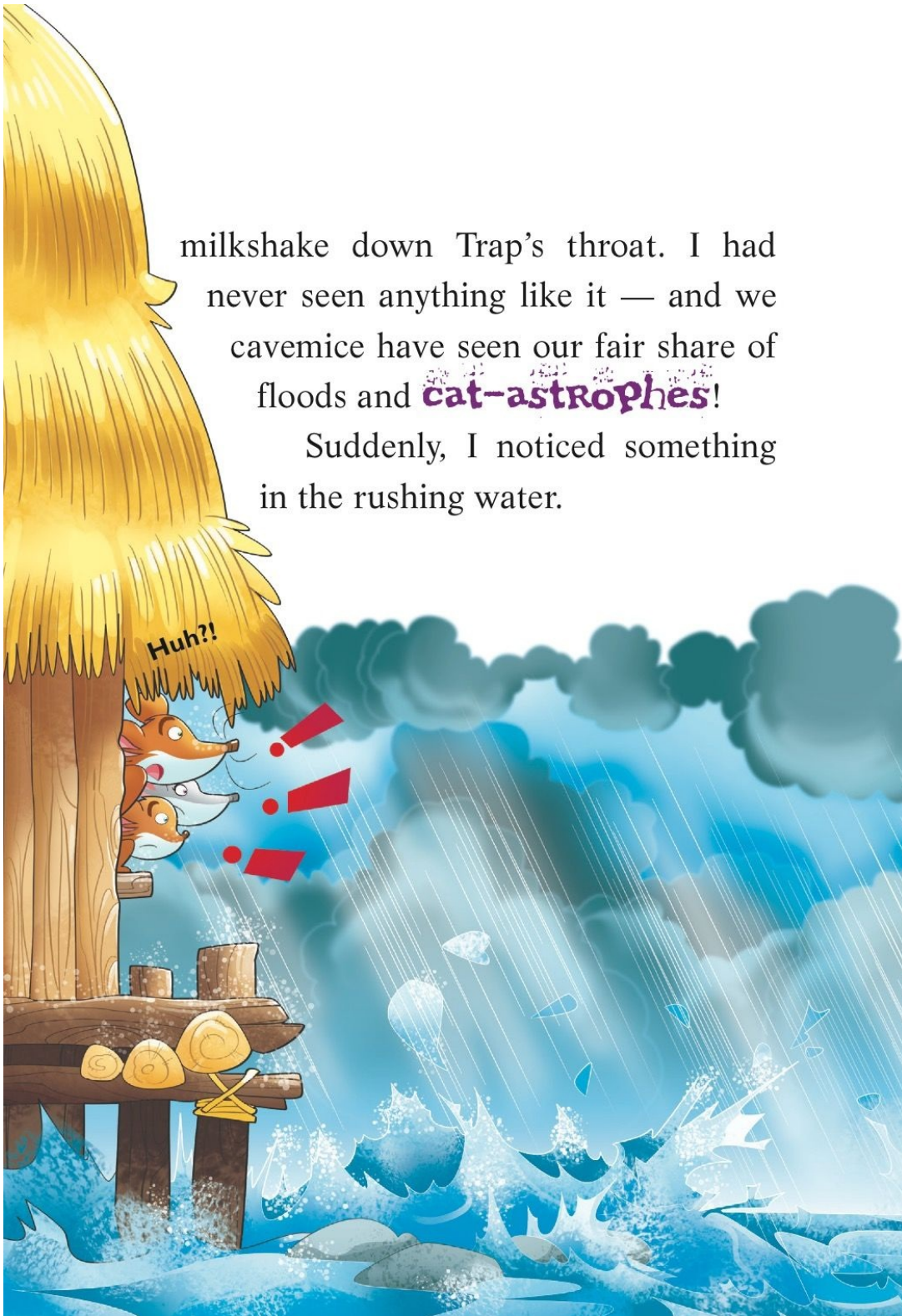
The river had risen quickly, and water **RUSHED** by faster than a mammoth





milkshake down Trap's throat. I had never seen anything like it — and we cavemice have seen our fair share of floods and **cat-astrophes!**

Suddenly, I noticed something in the rushing water.



DRIP! DRIP! DRIP!



“Look — it’s a little **dinosaur!**” Thea cried.

Benjamin gasped. “And he seems to be in **trouble** . . .”

“Great rocky boulders!” I squeaked. “We have to do something!”





Bones and stones, this was **SERIOUS!**

I could see that the little (or not-so-little) dinosaur was a **baby** Tremendosaurus. He was flailing in the waves. The **current**

**Now what?**



was so strong that he could barely keep his head above water.

“I don’t know how long he can hold on!” Thea exclaimed.

“I have an **idea**,” said Benjamin, lighting up. “Uncle Trap, pass me the **vine** that you were swinging on before.”

“Huh?” Trap mumbled. That lazy rodent was half-asleep!





Luckily, Thea was **quick** on her paws. She jumped into the nearby pile of Trap's things — including a heap of blankets, bathing suits, and slices of Stinkerton, the most famous and **smelliest** cheese in Old Mouse City. A moment later, she pulled out the vine that my cousin had used to swing between the trees. **WHEW!**

Thea ran to the riverbank and **looped** the vine around a tree trunk. While Trap, Benjamin, and I stood by, Thea **threw** the other end into the river toward the Tremendosaurus.

The baby dinosaur flailed about **frantically** and finally grabbed the vine with his teeth.

All we had to do now was **PULL!**

**"HEAVE-HO! HEAVE-HO!"**





Unfortunately, no matter how hard we pulled, we could move him only a few tail lengths. He was **SO HEAVY!**

But we couldn't give up.

**"HEAVE-HOOOOOOOOO!"**

The dinosaur did what he could, **thrashing** his feet and tail in the water, but nothing was working. At this rate, it would take a week to get him to shore!

"Trap!" Thea yelled. "Give a big **YANK** on the vine!"

But even Trap was having a Jurassically hard time.

**"HUFF, HUFF ... PANT, PANT ..."** he wheezed. "Fossilized feta, I just can't do it anymore!"

"I know what we need," Benjamin said suddenly. He sounded like he had his





**P A W S** on the answer!

He let go for a moment and yelled in Trap's ear as loudly as he could, "If you do this, we'll have **super-fondue** for dinner!"

Hearing those words, Trap seemed to regain all of his strength! The thought of a cheesy reward helped him give one last **POWERFUL** tug.

But as he did, the branch that was holding the vine **BROKE** with a snap! We were thrown to the ground. Thea landed on a pile of dried leaves, Benjamin and Trap ended up in the middle of a huge mud puddle, and I was thrown into a **THORNY** bush.

**Bones and stones**, it was prehistorically painful!

The good news was that, when we got back on our paws, we noticed that Trap's **SUPERPOWERFUL** tug had worked.



The baby dinosaur was standing right in front of our snouts!

He was **shaking** in fear and looking around, confused. Poor guy — he really seemed **lost**!

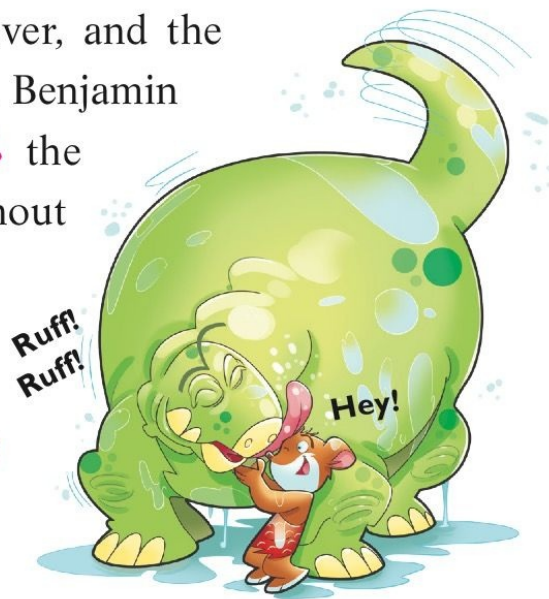


# A NAME FIT FOR A TREMENDOSAURUS

We were **exhausted**, **sore**, and **DRENCHED** (and my tail was full of thorns!) — but we were **happy**. We'd saved the baby dinosaur!

The storm blew over, and the rain finally stopped. Benjamin went over to **pet** the Tremendosaurus's snout sweetly. "Are you okay, little guy?"

To answer his question, the **DINO** began to lick him happily. Then he







wagged his tail and bounded around licking us, too. **How cute!**

The sun came back out as quickly as it had gone.

The young Tremendosaurus **STRETCHED** and lay with his belly up to enjoy the weather. We **WATCHED** him closely — we were so curious about him!

“What is his name?”

“Where is his **mom**?”

“And his herd?”

Benjamin knelt down close to the baby’s snout and said slowly, “**WHAT IS YOUR NAME?**”

The Tremendosaurus jumped on his feet, let out a series of grunts, and then began to **spin** around and around and around.

We tried to guess his name . . .

“Spinner?”





“Whirlwind?”

“Swirly?”

But he **shook** his head at every guess. Rats!



Finally, Benjamin yelled, “**CYCLONE!**”

The little dinosaur began to whoop and stomp his **FEET** merrily. His name was Cyclone!

“My name is Benjamin,” my nephew said, introducing himself with a **smile**. “Hello!”

Cyclone gave him a vigorous **lick** on the whiskers and began to grunt in his dinosaur language, twirling his tail curiously.

Thea, Trap, and I looked at one another, **CONFUSED**. We didn’t understand a single bit of what he was saying!



But Benjamin seemed to understand everything *perfectly*. “Why don’t you answer?” he urged us. “He asked you what your names are!”

“Oh, of course,” I said, as **mixed up** as a mammoth milkshake. I introduced myself, and Thea and Trap.

## CYCLONE

**NAME:** CYCLONE

**SPECIES:** *Tremendosaurus swirlium*

**PERSONALITY:** Extremely lively! He can never keep still. He can also make a tremendous mess!

**WHAT HE EATS:** He's an herbivore — he loves vegetables, apples, and prehistoric plums.

**WHAT HE WON'T EAT:** Prehistoric pizza or megalithic onion skewers







Cyclone responded with a **wiggle**, two **shakes** of his front right foot, and a small **pirouette**.

“He said that he fell in the river when he was playing, many tails away from here,” Benjamin translated.

Then the dinosaur **CRINKLED** his neck, did two **skips**, and blew three super drooly **raspberries**.

“He said that usually he likes to play by himself, but . . .”

Cyclone **wagged** his tail four times.

“He’s happy to have met us, and he would really like to stay with us!” Benjamin’s eyes **lit up**. “Ohhh, Uncle, can we keep him?”

I shook my snout vigorously. It was one thing to help a baby dinosaur in **trouble** —





it was a whole different thing to adopt him forever!

But I wasn't prepared for the adorable, **begging** eyes of my favorite nephew. He was impossible to resist!

"Please, please, pleeeeeeaaase!" Benjamin pleaded. "He's so **sweet**!"

Cyclone blew a raspberry on my face.

"He's so **POLITE**!"

Cyclone let out a powerful belch.

**BURRRRRP!**

"He's so, um, **well-mannered** . . ."

Cyclone crouched down and left me a gift: a **stinky** pile of dinosaur dung. Rat-munching rattlesnakes! I certainly didn't need a **SMELLY** mini-Tremendosaurus troublemaker to deal with!





As soon as Cyclone understood that I didn't have any intention of taking him with us, he **froze** immediately.

He was suddenly so calm. He approached me on tiptoe, batted his long eyelashes, and rubbed his snout against my shoulder, looking at me **pleadingly**.

Hmph . . . that really wasn't fair! Besides, I knew that Cyclone had his own dinosaur family somewhere that probably missed him. I tried to resist . . .

*"Well, maybe we can take him in for just a little while, until . . ."*

I didn't even have time to finish my sentence before Benjamin and Cyclone **JUMPED** on me and covered me with hugs, tickles, licks on the snout, megalithic pats on the back, and happy tail thwacks!

**OOF!** I could hardly move!





Thea and Trap cried,

**“HOORAY, CYCLONE!”**



# A CYCLONE INDEED!

Benjamin and Cyclone got along really well.  
They were **best friends** in no time at all!

And we immediately understood where  
the baby dinosaur got his name. He was a  
real **CYCLONE** — no, a **hurricane** —  
no, a **cat-astrophe**! First of all, Cyclone





couldn't keep still for a second.

He **munched** on everything he could munch on, **chomped** on everything he could chomp on, and **DROOLED** all over everything he could drool on. Basically, he was a prehistoric calamity!

"Maybe he needs to play more," Trap guessed, as the little (or not-so-little) guy **SCARFED DOWN** the last bit of cheesy fondue left in the stilt-house.

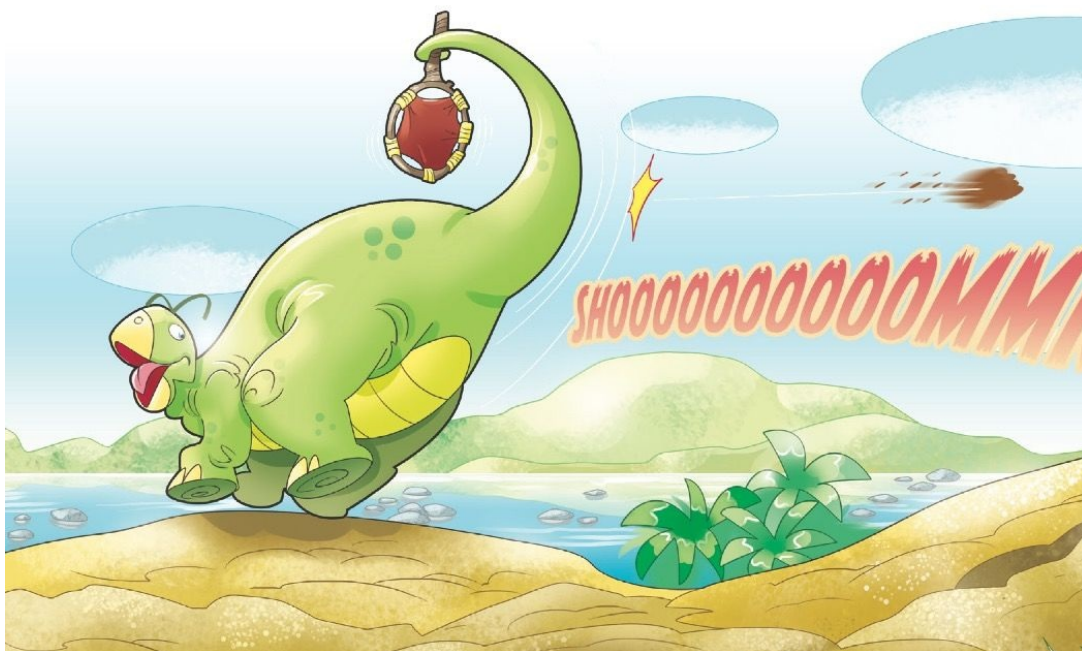






“So let’s **PLAY**, then!” I squeaked, exasperated.

In no time, Thea and Trap created a Stone Age **racquetball** court and invited Cyclone to play. (I decided it was safer to stay on the sidelines and watch. You might say I’m a scaredy-mouse, but I’m just too fond of my tail!) The game was a good idea, but none of us had any idea how **POWERFUL** Cyclone was. Holding the





racquet with his tail, he was able to smack the **BALL** out of sight!

“Careful, Geronimo!” Thea exclaimed.

I looked up to see the ball *FLYING* toward me.

“WHOOOOOAAA!”

I yelled, trying to leap out of the way.

But the ball hit me straight on. Rats! A





**BUMP** as big as a monolith\* popped up right in the middle of my forehead. I

was in a daze, so I couldn't move out of the way — and another ball flew right at me!

Finally, Thea jumped



**SHOOOOOOMM!**  
**SHOOOOOOMM!**  
**SHOOOOOOMM!**

on the baby dinosaur's back

to **STOP** him. "That's enough!" she cried.

### PREHISTO-NOTE

\*A monolith is an enormous prehistoric monument planted in the ground; usually a tall, narrow stone





Cyclone was not happy about my sister's interruption. He was having too much **FUN** playing!

**Frustrated**, he began to wiggle and squirm and **ROMP** back and forth with Thea still on his back.

"Cyclone!" Thea yelled. "We aren't at the Dino Rodeo! **STOP!**"

Trap could have used his massive muscles to hold down the dinosaur's head, but even he was running away along the riverbank, **breathless**.

I really couldn't take it anymore. All the confusion was making my snout **shake!**

But if that **WILD** little guy thought he was going to ruin my vacation, he was wrong. For all the thorns on a cactus, I wasn't going to let that happen!

# YOU WANTED A VACATION, STILTONOOT?

Quiet as a mouse, I snuck away and settled under the **shade** of a big Paleozoic apple tree. Then I decided to **climb** it. I wanted to get far away from any more Cyclonic surprises!

Well, *climb* isn't really the right word, since I **suffer** from a teeny-weeny, super-mini fear of **heights**. Some might even call me a scaredy-mouse. So I chose a branch that was fairly low down — okay, practically on the ground — and I got comfortable. **AAAHH!**

Wasn't this supposed to be a **relaxing** vacation?



I tried to forget my troubles by taking a little nap. I **dreamed** that I was in a huge tub filled with **cheesy fondue**! I was just about to eat a mouthful of Jurassic Jack cheese when —

**"No!"**

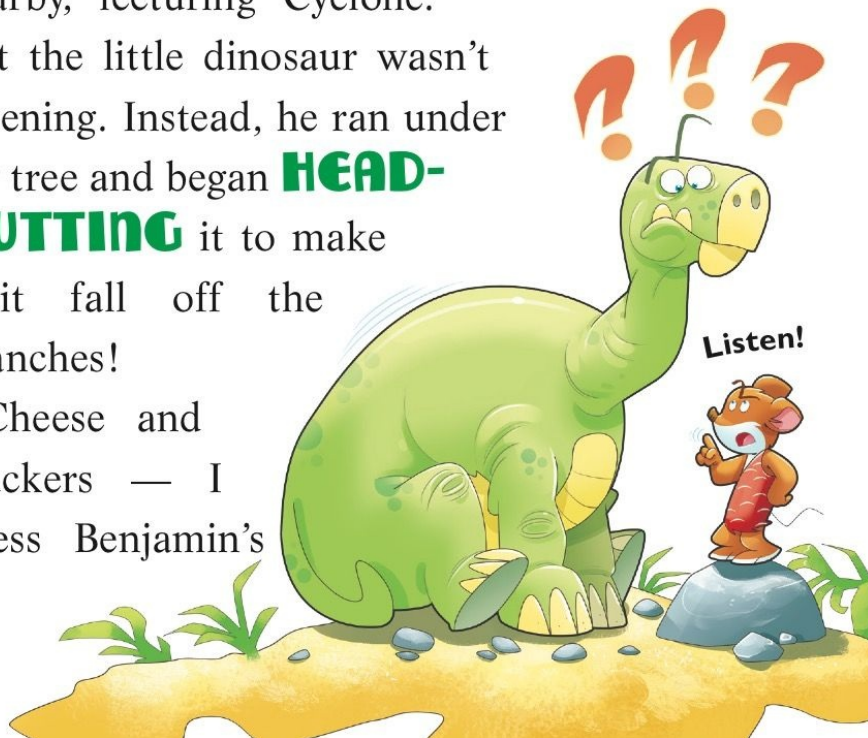
I jumped. What was that?

**"I SAID NO!"**

I opened my eyes and saw Benjamin nearby, lecturing Cyclone.

But the little dinosaur wasn't listening. Instead, he ran under my tree and began **HEAD-BUTTING** it to make fruit fall off the branches!

Cheese and crackers — I guess Benjamin's







lecture hadn't worked!

I was suddenly bombarded with a shower of giant falling apples . . .



**BONK! BONK! BONK!**

. . . right before the tree trunk gave out and **CRACKED** with a mega-massive slam.

**SMAAAASSHHH!**





WHOOOOOOOOO A!

When my snout stopped spinning, I  
looked around and could hardly believe  
my eyes.

Great rocky boulders, Cyclone had caused  
a **megalithic** mess!





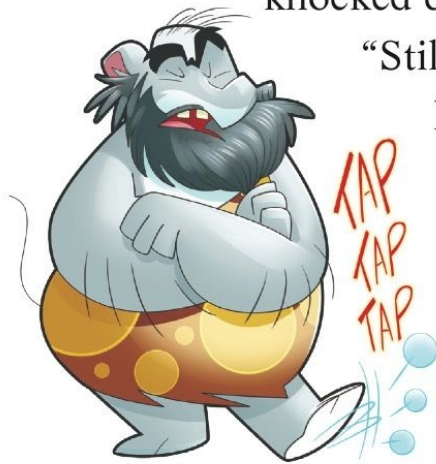






## SO MUCH FOR RELAXING!

We looked around at the **destruction** Cyclone had caused along the river. Petrified cheese, the place was a wreck! Trees had been uprooted, plants and branches were **scattered** all over the ground, and even a wall of the stilt-house had been knocked down.



“Stiltonoot, what is this?! I leave you at my peaceful oasis by the river, and now it looks like a **battlefield**! I demand an explanation!”

Oh, rats! It was Theo



Thunderclap, the grumpy **OWNER** of the stilt-house we had rented for our vacation.

He hollered so loudly that Cyclone **huddled** in a corner behind Benjamin, whining and bowing his long neck in **shame**. Finally, he was standing still for a minute!

Watching the little guy cower, I couldn't help feeling bad. Yes, Cyclone was responsible for the disaster — but then again, he was a **very young** dinosaur! Thunderclap seemed so threatening that I didn't want to make him mad at our little Tremendosaurus. Who knew what kind of terrible **PUNISHMENT** Thunderclap might give him!

I tried to come up with another reason for the mess. “Umm, well, Mister Thunderclap,





you see . . . the **rain** . . .”

It was no use. He glared at me.

“The **wind** . . .” I muttered.

He furrowed his eyebrows.

“The . . . um, the **humidity** . . .”

“That’s enough jabbering, Stiltonoot!”

Thunderclap burst out. “I don’t know exactly what happened here, but you need to repay me for all the **damages**!”

“Oh, we’ll fix everything, we promise,” Thea said quickly.

Trap agreed. “And we’ll repay you. That is, he” — he said, pointing at me — “he will **REPAY** you for all the damages, shell for shell!”

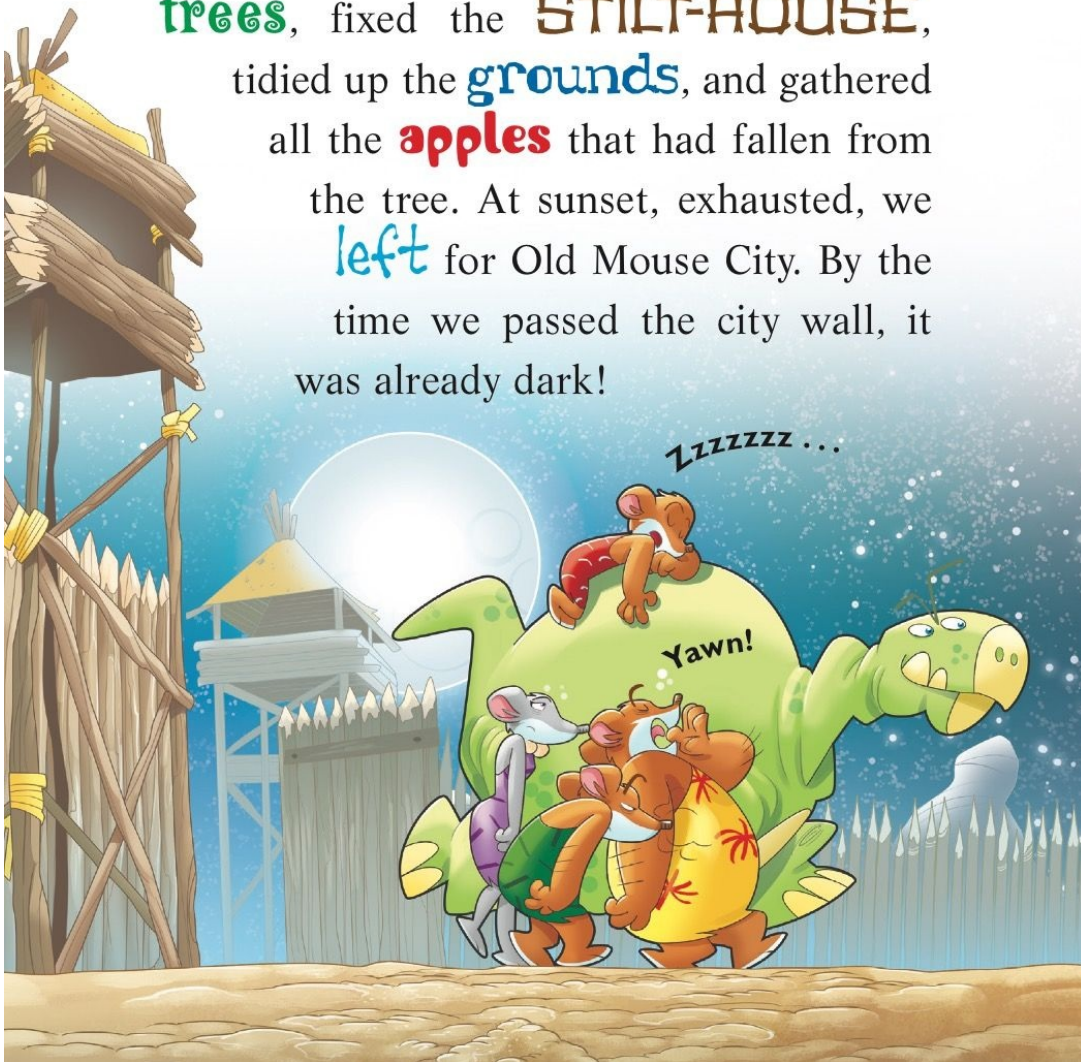
Thunderclap glowered. “By tonight, I want all of this to look like **new**. Plus, you owe me one hundred shells to reimburse me for my trouble. And, most important — I want

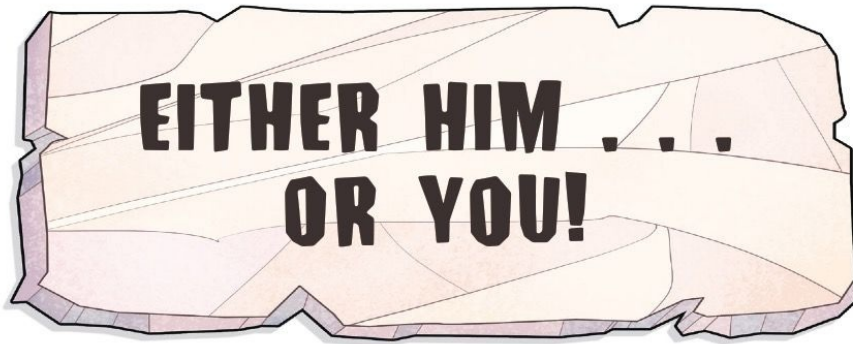


you all far away from here by nightfall!”

**THUNDERCLAP** concluded, stomping away.

So we got to work. We replanted the **trees**, fixed the **STILT-HOUSE**, tidied up the **grounds**, and gathered all the **apples** that had fallen from the tree. At sunset, exhausted, we **left** for Old Mouse City. By the time we passed the city wall, it was already dark!





I thought that our **troubles** were finally over, but little did I know how wrong I was!

Once we arrived in the city, Thea and Trap went **home**. I was alone with Cyclone and Benjamin in my cave — or, I should say, **OUTSIDE** my cave. Cyclone took up so much space that I couldn't fit inside!

Before I could do anything, my exhausted nephew **curled up** next to the baby Tremendosaurus and **immediately** fell asleep, right at the entrance to the cave.

And Cyclone, who normally had so much wild **energy**, yawned and curled his





neck protectively around his new friend.  
Fossilized feta, they were so *sweet*!

With a sigh, I covered them with a blanket,  
gave Benjamin a good-night *kiss*, and even  
gave a *Peck* to the little dinosaur, too.

What can I say? My heart is as *soft*  
as a prehistoric pot of fondue!

The next morning, the sun was already  
high in the sky by the time I woke up. I  
*jolted* to my paws as the *cries* of





EITHER HIM . . . OR YOU!

Gossip Radio rang through the air. Bones and stones, what a racket!

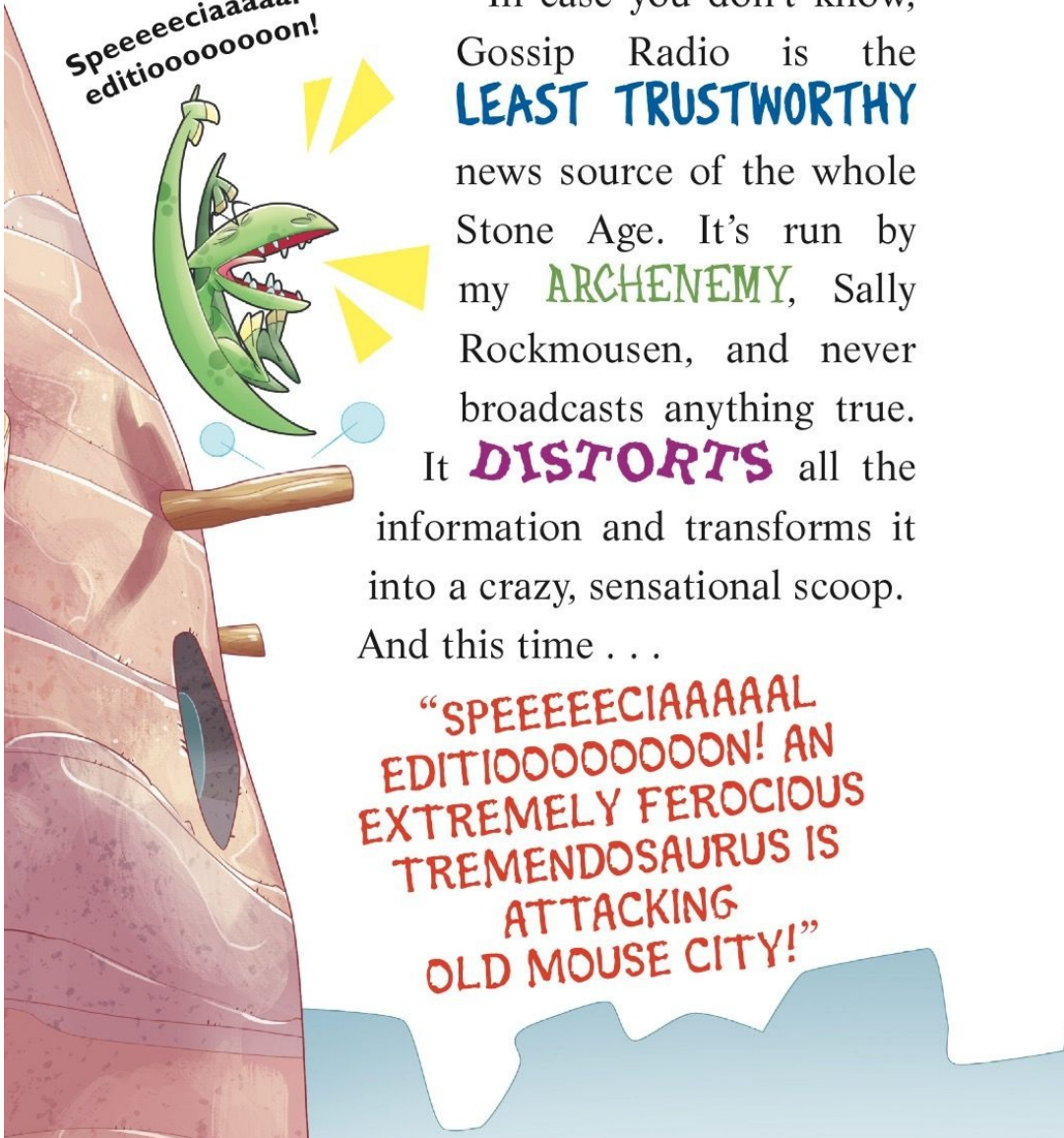
Speeeeciaaaaal  
editioooooooooon!



In case you don't know, Gossip Radio is the **LEAST TRUSTWORTHY** news source of the whole Stone Age. It's run by my **ARCHENEMY**, Sally Rockmousen, and never broadcasts anything true.

It **DISTORTS** all the information and transforms it into a crazy, sensational scoop. And this time . . .

**"SPEEEEECIAAAAAL  
EDITIOOOOOOOON! AN  
EXTREMELY FEROCIOUS  
TREMENDOSAURUS IS  
ATTACKING  
OLD MOUSE CITY!"**





one of Sally's pterodactyls squawked.

Double-twisted rat tails! What?!

There was more.

**"DANGER OF EXTINCTION FOR ALL  
PREHISTORIC MICE!"**

I jumped to my paws. Hang on a minute . . .

I **turned toward** the cave and — rats! Just as I feared, Cyclone and Benjamin weren't in the entrance anymore. They weren't **anywhere** in sight. Instead, from my cave all the way to Singing Rock Square, the city was one enormouse, uninterrupted **disaster** area. Uprooted trees, missing doors, torn-up roads full of **HOLES** and deep craters . . .

And, of course, all of that chaos looked awfully familiar. It could only have been caused by a small (or not-so-small) **WILD** Tremendosaurus!





I found Thea standing near the wall at the edge of Old Mouse City. She stared at me in **disbelief**, shaking her head.

Cyclone had passed by there, too, and our wall (which was supposed to defend the city against outside attacks) was **nibbled** at, **broken**, **CRACKED**, and **completely demolished** in places!

“Geronimo Stiltonoot!” a voice thundered. Pointy Triceratops horns, what now?

The voice belonged to Ernest Heftymouse, the village leader. I had never seen him so **exasperated**! His cheeks were red, and his eyes were bugging out of his snout.

“What is all this, Stiltonoot?!” he barked. “There is a **destructive** Tremendosaurus scampering around Old Mouse City with **your** nephew!”

“Well . . .” I said, trying to make myself



**really, really small**, like the teeny-tiny fleas that lived on my fur coat. “Okay, let’s say that they’re acquaintances. But they don’t know each other very well. **HARDLY AT ALL!**”

“Oh, really?” Heftymouse **scowled**, unconvinced. “Well, do you know what those two are up to?”

“Um . . .” I muttered. “Are they doing their homework?”

Ernest Heftymouse hollered,

**“THEY’RE DESTROYING OLD MOUSE CITY!”**

My tail was in a twist. And then it got worse, because a herd





of angry Old Mouse City citizens had just approached.

“That beast **destroyed** my hanging garden!”

“He **gobbled up** all my bean reserves for next year!”

“He is a **calamity** of megalithic proportions!”

“You need to stop him, Stiltonoot!” Heftymouse said firmly. “You have until tomorrow to get him out of here. If you can’t, you will be the one **KICKED OUT** of Old Mouse City. It’s either him . . . or you!”

Oh, for the love of all things cheesy! This was a **DISASTER**. How was I going to tell Benjamin that Cyclone had to go? But most important — where **were** Benjamin and Cyclone?

“Let’s look for them at the port,” suggested Thea.





Down by the water, **rays** of sunshine cast a golden waterfall of light over Old Mouse City. We could see the shadows of two figures (a **small** one and a **GIANT** one) on the dock. Was it them?



## HE MISSES HIS HOME!

As soon as Thea and I called their names, Benjamin **RAN** to meet us, looking relieved. But **CYCLONE** stayed curled up on the edge of the dock, staring at the horizon. He seemed **sad**.

Thea narrowed her eyes at Benjamin and squeaked, “Do you know how worried we were? Not only did you **destroy** half of Old Mouse City, but then you **disappeared** without apologizing!”

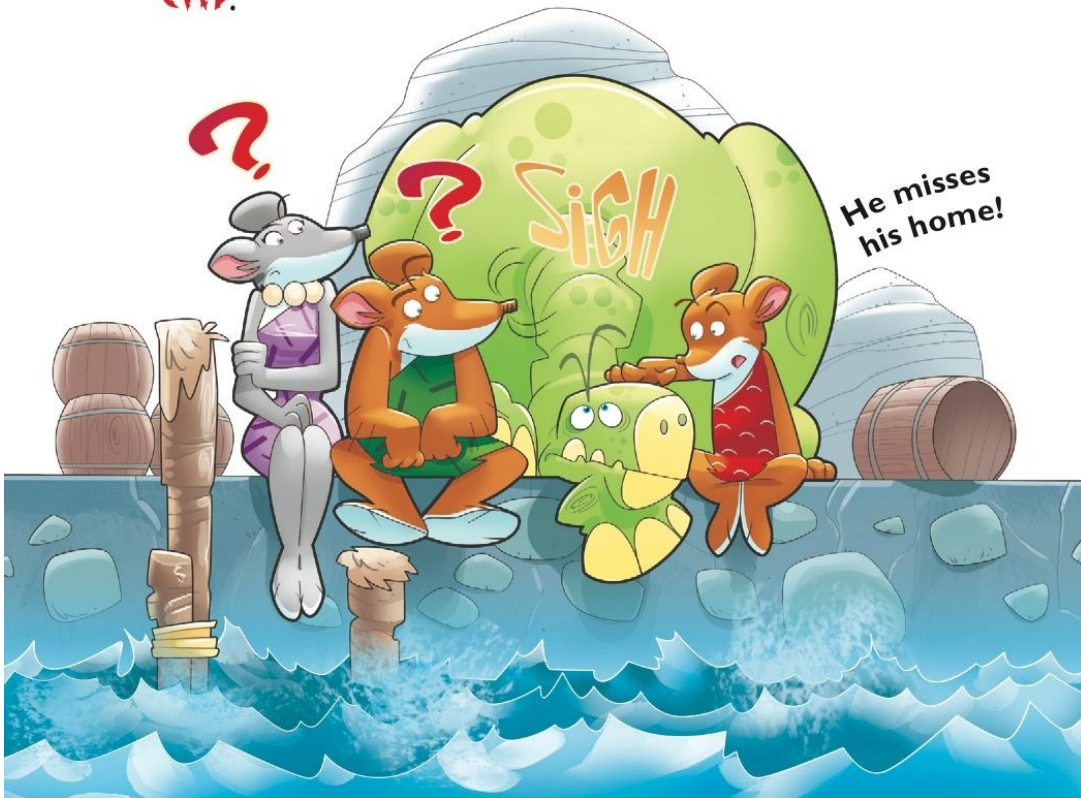
While Benjamin hung his snout, I walked over to Cyclone. “What’s the matter?”

The Tremendosaurus let out an unhappy **sigh**. Not even his tail twitched. Benjamin



walked up to him and **stroked** his neck. “He misses his home!” he explained. “That’s part of the reason why he was so **ROWDY** — he didn’t mean to destroy Old Mouse City. He just isn’t used to the city! He was born and raised in a much **wilder** place.”

Just then, Cyclone let out an enormous **CRY**.







**“WAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!”**



His giant tears flowed freely. In a few minutes, we were all completely **soaked** by them!

“He doesn’t want to tell me why he left his herd,” Benjamin continued sadly. “But now he misses his **family**!”

“Poor little guy!” Thea exclaimed. Then she whispered something in my ear. **“Pssst psst psssst . . .”**

But she was speaking too softly, and I couldn’t understand her.

“What?”

She came even closer. **“Psssst psst . . .”**

**“WHAAAAT?”** I cried. “Squeak louder. I can’t hear you!”



Impatient, Thea took me by the ear and **PULLED** me aside.

“Ouch!” I yelped.

“Do you have cheese in your ears?” she said. “I was saying that this would be a good time to get Cyclone out of the city without **hurting** Benjamin’s feelings too much!”

Of course! Thea was absolutely right. But doing what she said meant that . . .

“**EXACTLY!**” Thea said, reading my mind. “We have to take Cyclone to find his family!”

**Bones and stones!** A few mice searching for a herd of Tremendosauruses in the middle of who knows where? That sounded like a **PREHISTORIC DISASTER** waiting to happen!

“Umm . . . well, actually, I . . .” I muttered hesitantly.

“**Uncle Geronimo!**” Benjamin called,



turning toward me with wide eyes. “I wanted to ask you if . . . maybe . . .”

“**Of course!**” Thea answered for me with a wink. “We’re off to find the Tremendosauruses!”

My nephew jumped up and threw his arms around my neck. “**HOORAY!** You’re the most mouserific uncle in all of the prehistoric world!”

Um . . . I thought he was being a little too **optimistic** about my ability



to track down a pack of dangerous dinosaurs, but I decided not to squeak that out loud for now.

I also couldn’t help thinking that I really would have rather been **sleeping**! I really





am a scaredy-mouse . . .

Trap couldn't come with us this time because his business partner, Greasella Stonyfur, needed his help **cleaning up** the Rotten Tooth Tavern. The night before, they'd had a **SPICY SLOP COOKING FESTIVAL** — which was as sloppy as it sounds!

So Thea, Benjamin, Cyclone, and I headed out on our **Mission**. We were taking the baby dinosaur back to his herd!





A few steps from the city I was already **huffing** and puffing worse than the Great Gurgling Geyser. How epically exhausting!

Every time Cyclone saw a tree, he ran with all his might and . . . **BONK!** He bashed his head against the tree trunks to make the fruit fall. Then he gobbled up all the fruit in one bite. Jurassic **PEACHES** and **COCONUTS** disappeared in seconds!

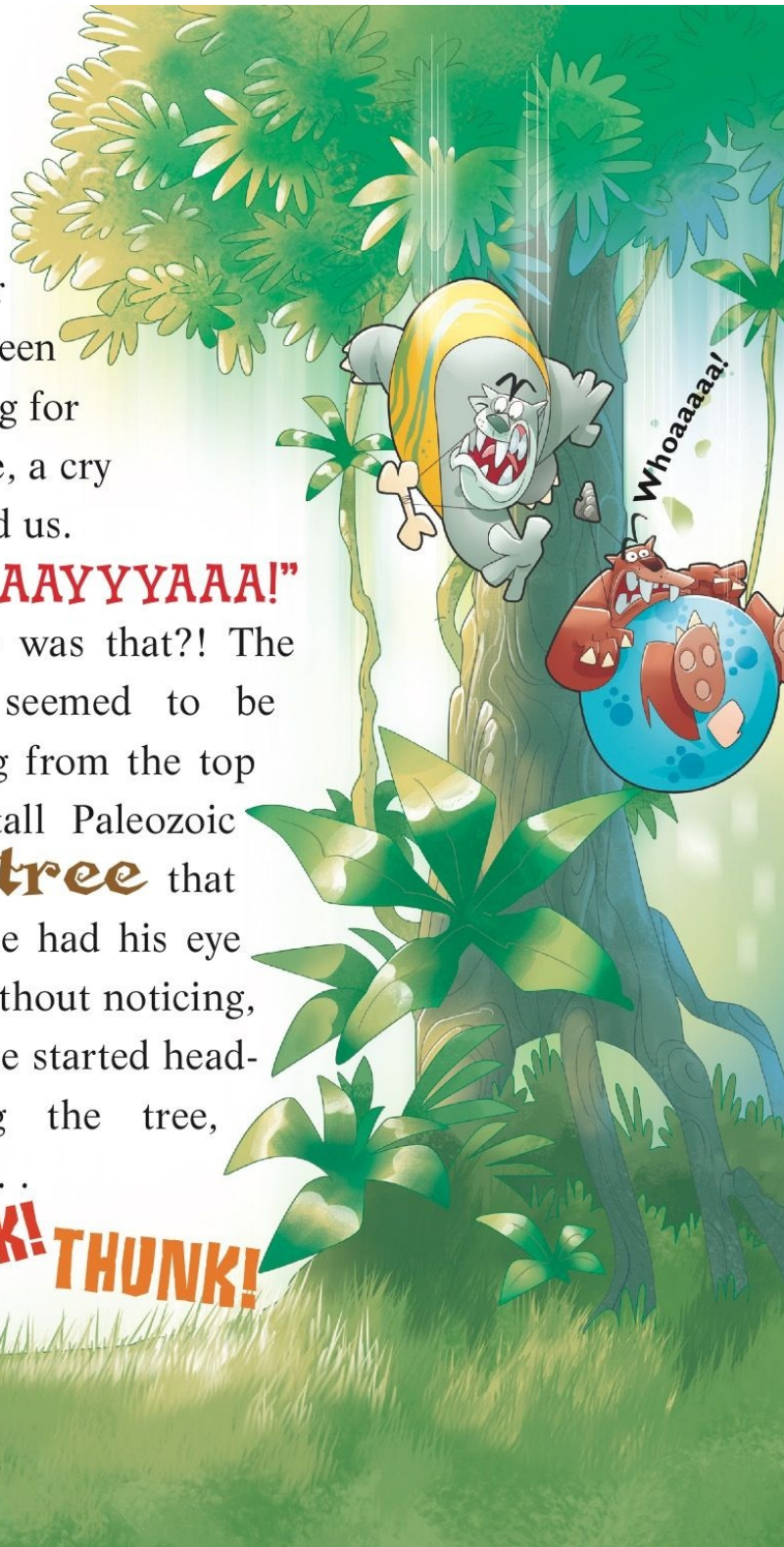
I couldn't help giggling as I watched the little Tremendosaurus having **fun** with the peaches. He **spit** the pits out happily, wagging his tail and laughing in delight.

After  
we'd been  
walking for  
a while, a cry  
startled us.

**"AAAAYYAAA!"**

Who was that?! The  
voice seemed to be  
coming from the top  
of a tall Paleozoic  
plum **tree** that  
Cyclone had his eye  
on. Without noticing,  
Cyclone started head-  
butting the tree,  
until . . .

**THUNK! THUNK!**







ROOOOAAAAARRRR!

---

Two **LARGE**, *furry*, and **FANGED** bodies fell to the ground!

Thea, Benjamin, and I were **PARALYZED** with fright. The two lumps were actually two saber-toothed tigers from Tiger Khan's band of fearsome felines. Yikes! They were the **fiercest** enemies of us cavemice!

Luckily, we were still far away and had time to duck behind a bush.

Cyclone didn't have much to fear, though. He was much **bigger** than the two felines! He looked at them threateningly.

When the tigers noticed that there was a Tremendosaurus in front of them, they **JUMPED** like they had just landed on a thornbush.

"G-g-good morning," the first one stammered to Cyclone, *shaking* like a leaf. "E-e-enjoy your food!"



“I-i-if you don’t mind, we’ll just get out of your **way**,” the second tiger continued, forcing a smile. “These plums are certainly much **tastier** than we are!”

Then they darted away, **FASTER** than a Velociraptor.

Benjamin cheered. “Way to go, Cyclone!”

But Thea and I weren’t feeling very **calm**. What were two members of the Saber-Toothed Squad doing in that tree? And **where** was the rest of their gang? I didn’t want to find out!



## THE SCRITCH- SCRATCH FOREST

We didn't know exactly where Cyclone's herd was, so we walked along the edge of the Rapidfire River until we **stumbled upon** a cluster of really old trees.

"According to my calculations, this should be the Scritch-Scratch Forest," Thea announced.

We looked around cautiously. The **FOREST** was thick and green, yet there was something strange about it. The trees seemed to have thousands of little **EYES** that were spying on us from behind the leaves!

"Do you hear that?" Thea whispered.

Benjamin and I **PERKED UP** our ears.



“It’s some kind of **buzzing**,” I whispered.

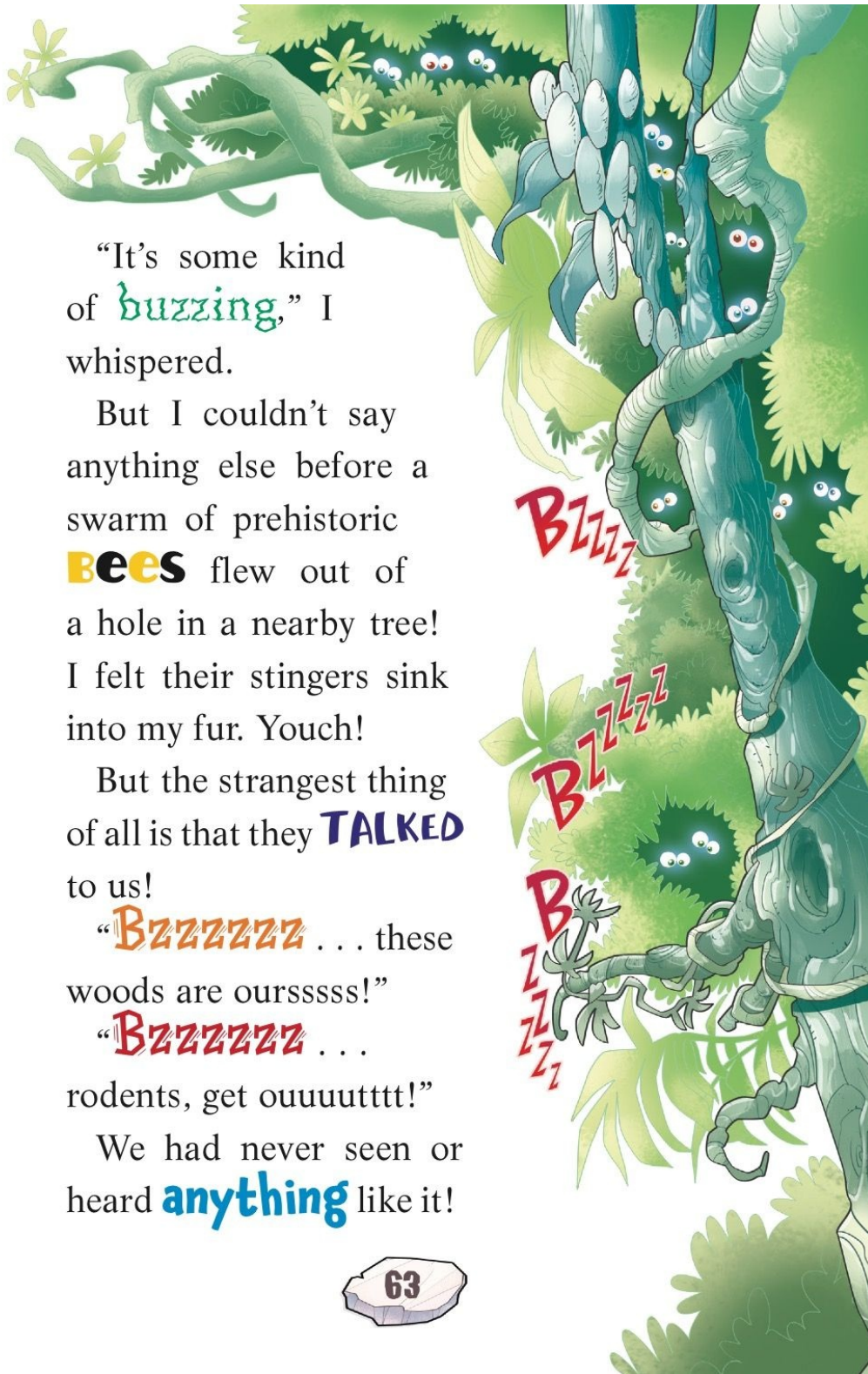
But I couldn’t say anything else before a swarm of prehistoric **Bees** flew out of a hole in a nearby tree! I felt their stingers sink into my fur. Youch!

But the strangest thing of all is that they **TALKED** to us!

“**Bzzzzzzzz** . . . these woods are oursssss!”

“**Bzzzzzzzz** . . . rodents, get ouuuutttt!”

We had never seen or heard **anything** like it!













But we were **afraid** of the bees, and we darted away with our paws up until we found a clearing. Satisfied, the insects went away as quickly as they had appeared.

We were safe, but now we were covered with **stings** — and they itched like crazy! It was impossible not to scratch.

SCRITCH SCRATCH SCRITCH SCRATCH

And then I realized — that's why the forest was named Scritch-Scratch!



When the itchiness finally died down, a swarm of hornets **DARTED** out of a nearby honeycomb and headed right for us. We were petrified — we really couldn't catch a break!



Those tiny beasts spotted us, and . . . **ZIP!**  
They headed right for us. Youuuuch!

Finally, huffing and puffing and covered with stings, we **escaped** from the hornets' clearing.

Since the sun was setting, Thea suggested that we set up camp in a safe spot.

Cyclone **wagged** his tail in approval. (He had also wolfed down a bunch of Paleozoic plums and his belly was **gurgling**, so he couldn't sit still!)

"I think I'll take these," Benjamin said to him, grabbing the remaining plums. "I'll give them to you slowly. You can't just gorge yourself like that!"

I **smiled**. My nephew was so sweet and responsible with that little dinosaur!

**DON'T MAKE ME  
SUFFER ANYMORE!**

As the sun sank in the sky, we *hurried* to set up our tents.

Great rocky boulders, I could have slept for a whole **GEOLOGICAL ERA!**

But just as soon as we said good night and I closed my eyes, a screeching song made us all **JUMP**.

"Youuuu... you stole my heeaaart... don't ever leaaave!"







Holey cheese, I had never heard anyone so **tone-deaf**!

From her tent, Thea hollered, “Ugh, Geronimo, can’t you **sing** tomorrow morning?”

“But that’s not me!” I replied, offended. “There’s someone out there who’s an even **WORSE** singer than I am!”

I clapped my paws over my ears as the **serenade** continued. “Don’t make me suuuuuffer anymore . . . Come baaaack, don’t goooooo!”

We poked our **shouts** out of our tents — and suddenly it all made sense.





Lit by the moonlight, several mosquitoes as big as coconuts were buzzing around, **singing** their greatest hits.

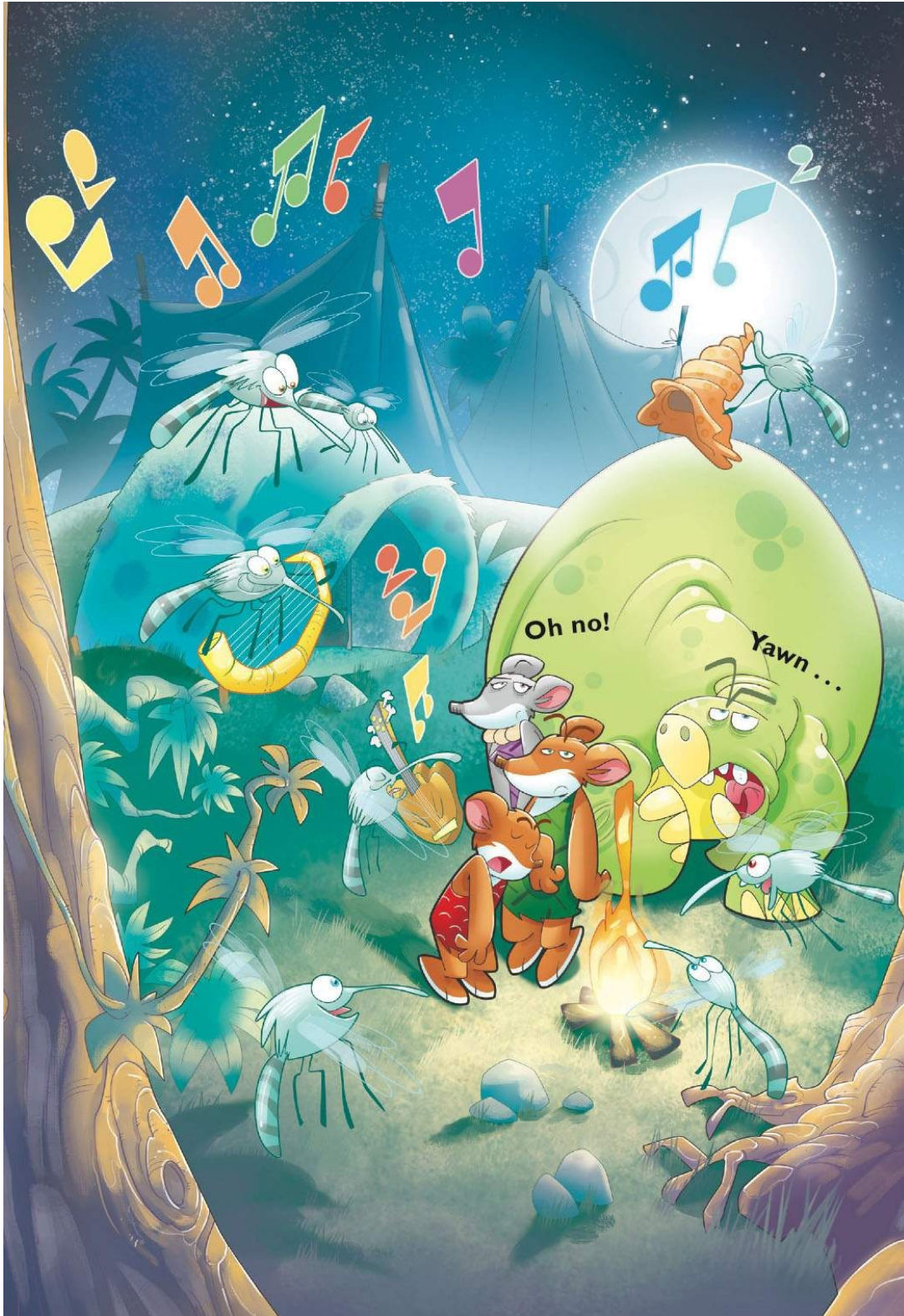


I jumped as high as a ball of bouncing mozzarella. “Those are Prehistoric Musical Mosquitoes! They sing their songs, and if they don’t get enough applause, they **BITE** everyone in sight!”

So we had no choice! Even though we desperately wanted to go to sleep, we had to listen to that **TERRIBLE** concert.

And in the end, so we wouldn’t get bitten, Thea, Benjamin, and I **applauded** so loudly that the mosquitoes decided to do an encore!

**PETRIFIED PROVOLONE,  
WHAT A NIGHTMARE!**





## ATTACK OF THE FLUFFY BISON

The next morning, we left the Scritch-Scratch Forest and headed on to the Rumbling Plain in **SEARCH** of Cyclone's herd.

There were no Tremendosauruses in sight — but we could see a **dark** and **THREATENING** cloud off in the distance. Fossilized feta, could it be another downpour? As I looked closer, it didn't seem like a **storm cloud**. It seemed more like a . . .

“That's a herd of **FLUFFY BISON!**”  
Thea yelled. “They're headed right for us — quick, we have to find a safe place to hide!”

Fluffy bison are just like traditional **PREHISTORIC** bison, except that they have



**supersoft**, **curly**, long fur that hangs all the way to the ground. Basically, they look like they're covered with **cotton balls**!

Even though they look soft and fuzzy, they are very **DANGEROUS** animals. They're always **ANGRY** — especially when they see intruders on their land!

Thea was right! A gang of fluffy bison were heading our way — and they were moving

**TRADITIONAL  
PREHISTORIC BISON**



**FLUFFY  
BISON**





**FAST.** They were just a few tails away from us, and there was nowhere to hide! They would arrive in **ten** . . . **nine** . . . **eight** . . .

But just when it seemed like we were going to be smashed as flat as prehistoric pancakes, Thea came up with a **fabumouse** idea.

She waited until the first bison passed close to us. Then she jumped up and landed right on his back! The bison didn't notice a thing — he was too busy **CHARGING**. Benjamin, following Thea's lead, did the same thing. Now it was my turn . . .

Shaking from the ends of my ears to the tip of my tail, I closed my eyes and **JUMPED** with all my might!

**WAS I ABOUT TO BECOME  
EXTINCT?**









When I opened my eyes, I was still **alive** — and I was riding on Cyclone!

That's right! The little (or not-so-little) Tremendosaurus had wrapped himself in our blankets to **hide** among the bison. Then he had run to my rescue, scooping me up onto his back. He was my dino hero!

The only problem was that I was sitting **BACKWARD** — my back was turned toward the dinosaur's head and my **P A W S** were facing his long tail. Cyclone ran and jumped merrily across the field, giving me a terrible **tummyache**! Oh, my snout was spinning!



When the bison ran on and the dinosaur finally **STOPPED**, I climbed down from Cyclone's back. It felt like my tail was where my whiskers should be and my ears were where my paws should be. My stomach was all twisted up like a strip of Stone Age string cheese. **BLURP!**



Thea and Benjamin had jumped off their **dangerous** rides, too, and they caught up with us at the river's edge. There, we spotted an old rodent enjoying the shade of a sequoia tree.

"Oh, for all the thorns on a cactus!" he squeaked. "I've seen **MICE** ride





Trottosauruses and fly on Puffasauruses — but mice who ride **BISON**? That is really something!”

The old rodent climbed to his paws and walked **slowly** over to meet us. He had dark, ruffled fur and a nose as red as a primordial pepper.

“However,” he continued with a scowl, “what is all this **RUCKUS**? First the Tremendosauruses down on the other riverbank . . . then rodents riding bison . . . A mouse really just can’t get a moment’s **peace** around here anymore!”

Thea, Benjamin, and I stared at him with our mouths hanging open.

“**What did you say?!**” Benjamin stammered. “Did you say that there are **TREMENDOSAURUSES** on the other riverbank?”



Our search for Cyclone's herd was over!

Thea was so thrilled that she planted a **kiss** right on the old rodent's snout. His surprise froze him up like a **GLACIER**! But we couldn't explain to him why we were so happy. There was no **time** to waste. We had to get across the river!

# TREMENDOSAURUS VALLEY

It was going to be tougher than we thought to cross the river, because Cyclone didn't want to wade across. He was still **frightened** of the water! I understood how he felt. After all, I'm a scaredy-mouse myself!

"Be **BRAVE**, Cyclone — we're here with you," Benjamin encouraged him.

"Plus, your **mom** is on the other side!" Thea added.

"And look how **calm** the river is," I said with a big, fake smile. The river was actually full of rapids, but it didn't seem like the time to point that out. "Umm . . . it really reminds me of a relaxing **hot spring**!"





It was no use. Cyclone wouldn't budge! He just stood there with his tremendous feet planted **FIRMLY** in the sand.

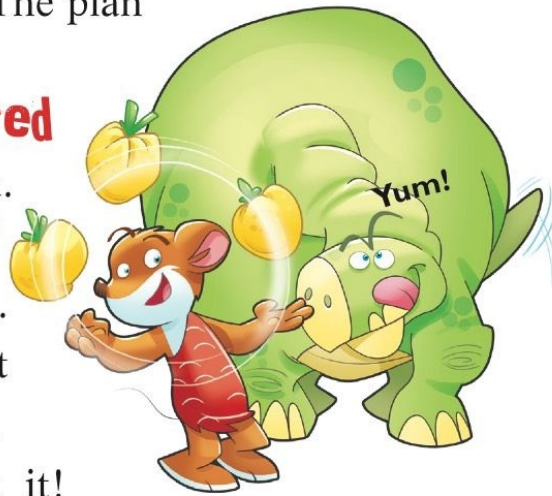
We were about to give up when Benjamin had a **fabumouse** idea.

Nonchalantly, he pulled out one of those giant plums and began to **play** with it right in front of Cyclone.

The dinosaur gulped and began to **DROOL**. He took a tiny half-tail step toward the fruit. The plan was working!

Benjamin **tossed** the plum to Thea. She **THREW** the plum to me. And I **lobbed** it back to Benjamin.

So we kept at it!





Toss after toss, without noticing, Cyclone stepped **CLOSER** to the edge of the river. Then he put one **FOOT** in the water, then the other, and so on, until . . .

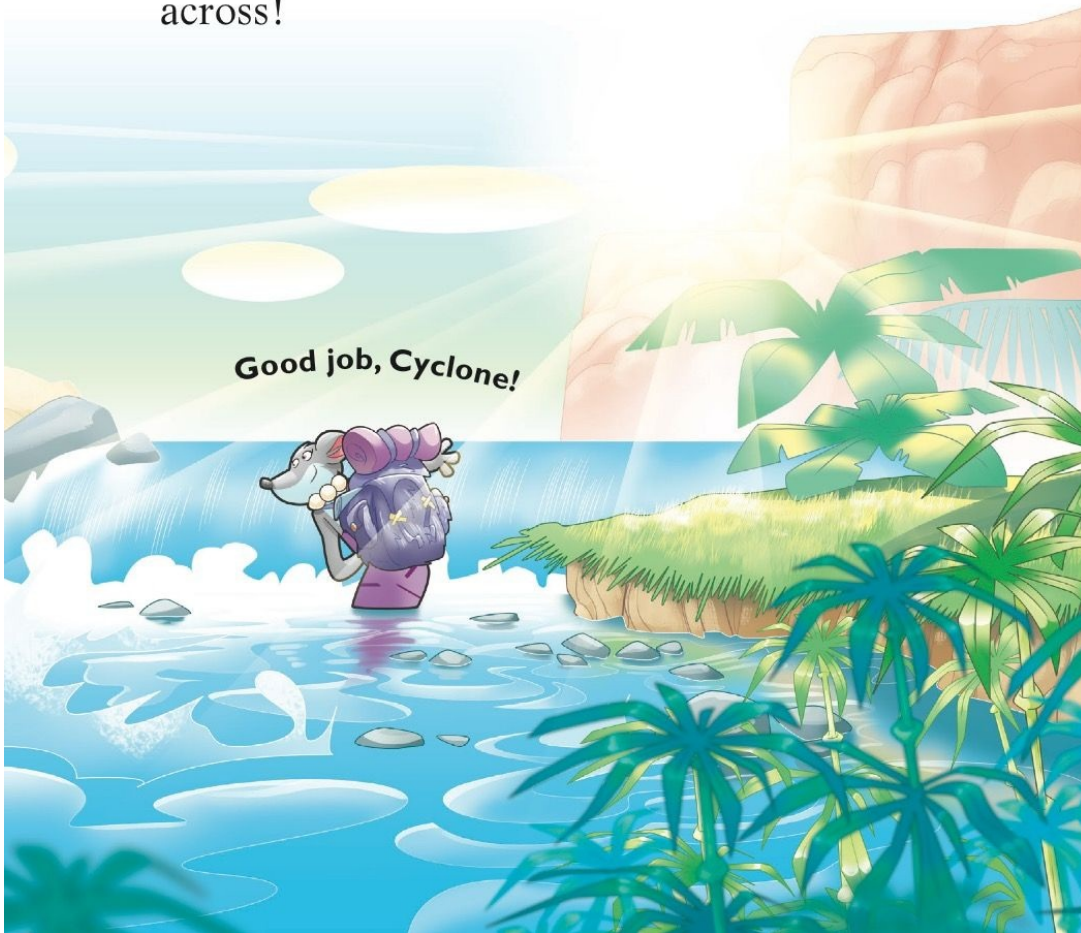
**HOP!** Cyclone jumped into the water.





At that point, Benjamin **THREW** the plum to the opposite shore.

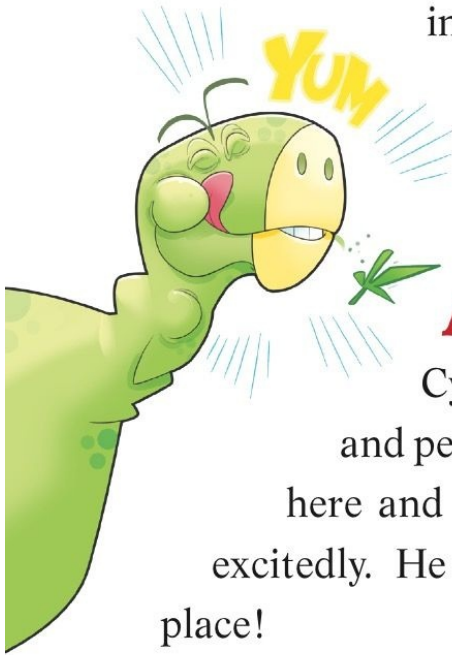
Cyclone hadn't taken his eyes off the fruit, and he didn't notice that he had walked into the water. In fact, he didn't even seem to notice when he **waded** all the way across!







Soon he was on the other bank, **SOAKING WET** but **satisfied**, with the giant plum in his mouth.



At that point, I pulled Benjamin close. Together, we swam across the river.

### **MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!**

Cyclone finished his plum and peered around. He **sniffed** here and there, and wagged his tail excitedly. He seemed to recognize this place!

Then he darted off as quickly as a **LIGHTNING BOLT**, as if he knew exactly where he was going!

We followed him as fast as our paws would take us, through the heart of the **FOREST**. Eventually, we ended up in a grassy space



that overlooked an enormous valley.

The valley below was an **amazing** place, surrounded by rocks that had been chiseled and polished by the wind. But it also looked **chaotic**. Trees were uprooted, bushes were trampled, and the ground was covered with leftover scraps of fruit.

We'd found **TREMENDOSAURUS VALLEY!**

Benjamin gasped. "That's why Cyclone **destroys** everything — he's just copying his herd!"

My nephew was **RIGHT**. Yet there was something that didn't make sense. If this was Tremendosaurus Valley, where were the Tremendosauruses?

"Maybe the herd moved to **look** for Cyclone," Thea suggested.

Just then, Benjamin pointed. "Look, over



there is a trail of **CRUMBLED** rocks!”

“But Old Mouse City is that way,” I said.

Great rocky boulders, we needed to **follow** the herd before they accidentally destroyed our city!

Luckily, it wasn’t hard to track Cyclone’s relatives. Their **P R I N T S** were so big that following them was as easy as sniffing out **STINKY** cheese!

Plus, Cyclone was moving very fast. He couldn’t wait to find his parents. When our







paws got too **tired**, he let us ride on his back and **rest** while he kept running.

As night fell, Cyclone continued on, step by step. He was **tireless**! By the time dawn broke, we could already see Old Mouse City.

Suddenly, Cyclone began to run even **faster**. He had spotted his herd!

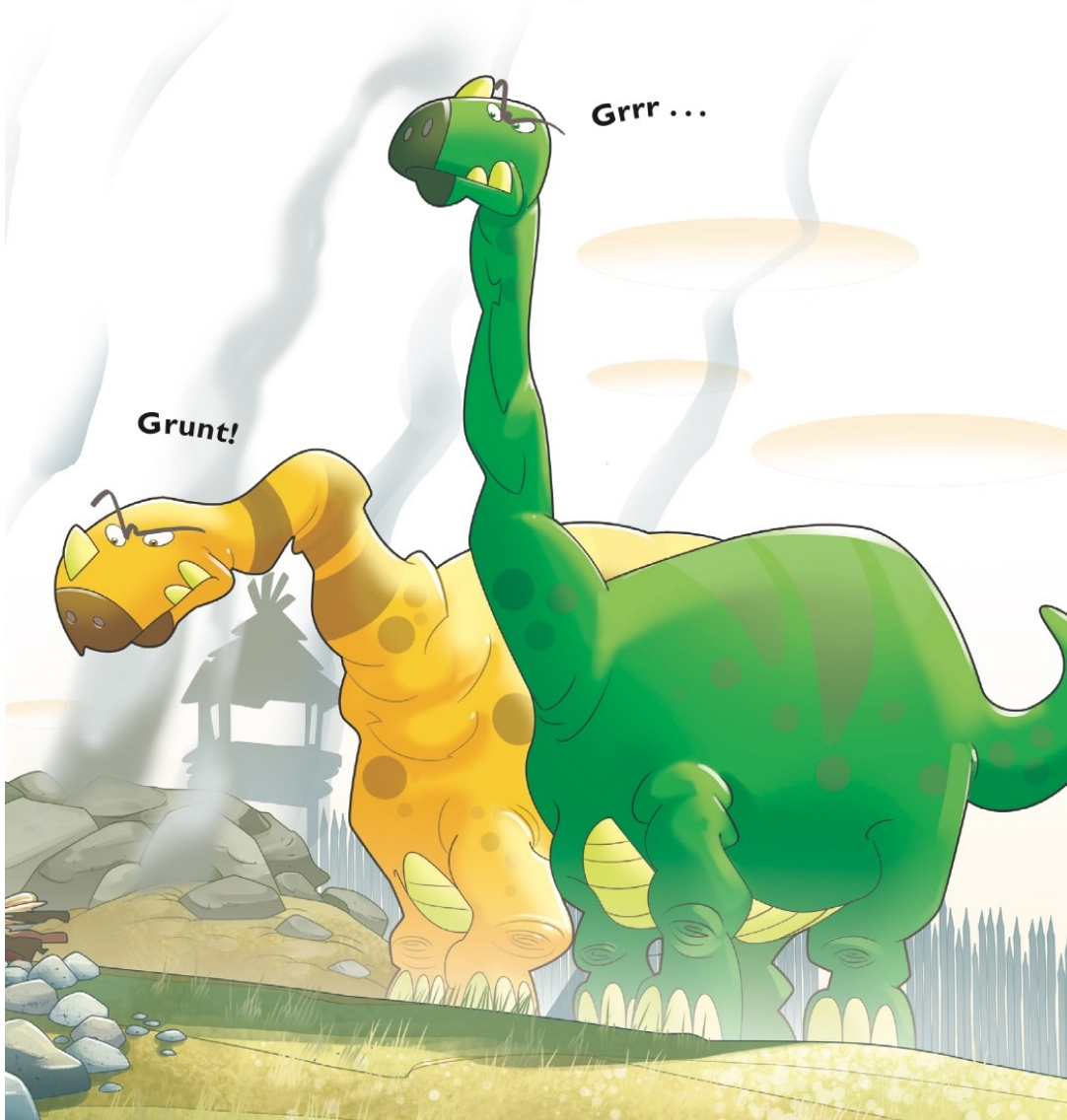


# WE'RE FRIENDS!

Cyclone's herd was huge — in fact, it was tremendous! There were **BiG** dinosaurs and **small** dinosaurs, some as **TALL** as mountains or as **short** as hills. But all of them — and I mean all of them — looked at us **THREATENINGLY!**



A horrible thought crossed my mind:  
Maybe they thought that we had **KIDNAPPED**  
Cyclone! Yikes! Luckily, our friend began







WE'RE FRIENDS!

to **GRUNT** and **wiggle**, moving his neck **UP** and **DOWN** as if he was explaining something.

“He’s telling them that we **saved** him from the river,” said Benjamin, translating for us.

At that point, a **giant** pink Tremendosaurus stepped out of the herd





and peered at us carefully. She was big and looked angry — and made my whiskers wobble with **fright!**

“We’re friends — **friends!**” I yelled.

The dinosaur approached, looking closely at Cyclone. Then she stroked his tail and licked his head.

**It was Cyclone’s mom!**

After they’d reunited, she planted herself in front of us, bent her neck down, and looked us right in the **EYES**. Oh, rats — this wasn’t good!

I squeezed my eyes shut, preparing for premature **EXTINCTION**. But, surprisingly, the beast’s scowl turned into the sweetest **smile** I had ever seen! The mama Tremendosaurus licked us all with lots of slobber to say thank you, and went back to explain the situation to the rest of the herd.





WE'RE FRIENDS!

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Hearing the news that Cyclone was back, the Tremendosauruses began to **JUMP**, **dance**, **stomp their feet**, and do **somersaults** and **twirls** to celebrate.

Petrified cheese! Their celebration was going to completely destroy Old Mouse City!

All of a sudden, Cyclone's mom stopped. She seemed **worried**. She said something to the other members of the herd, and they stopped, too. Then she gestured with her snout and invited me to **CLIMB** on her head!

I decided to do as she asked. It didn't seem like a good idea to say no to her — after all, she could have turned me into a prehistoric pancake with one **STOMP**!





# TIGERS ON THE HORIZON!

**Holding tight** to Cyclone's mom as I sat way, way, wayyyy above the ground, I noticed something very **alarming**.

There were a few figures trying to slip through a narrow passage in the **CITY WALL**, which was still a crumbly mess from Cyclone's rampage a few days earlier. I







squinted to see better — and almost fell off the Tremendosaurus's back!

It was Tiger Khan and his **SABER-TOOTHED SQUAD!**


Now I understood why the tigers had been up in the tree two days before. They must have been the Squad's **LOOKOUTS**, sent ahead by their leader. What a megalithic mess!

**"TIGERS ON THE HORIZON!"** I yelled with all my might.







But Benjamin and Thea couldn't hear me in all that confusion. I was forced to hold myself steady with one  so I could wave and point with the other. "Old Mouse City is being attacked by **TIGER KHAN!**"

"Yes!" Thea yelled back with a grin. "Cyclone's mother is as graceful as a **swan!**"

Moldy mozzarella, they didn't understand a thing I'd said!

At that moment, my paw lost its grip. I began to **slip** down the Tremendosaurus's neck **FASTER** and **FASTER** and **FASTER**. I clapped my paw over my eyes. I couldn't watch! I was about to reach her tail, and after that I would be **smashed** to the ground!

I prepared myself for the worst . . . but nothing happened. Instead, it suddenly felt



like I was going **UP** instead of down!

When I opened my eyes, I understood what had happened. The dinosaur had lifted up her tail just in time to launch me into the air — and now I was flying through the sky!

**WHOOOOOOAAAAA!**

If that wasn't bad enough, I was headed right for the saber-toothed tigers. I was going to be a mouse-meat sandwich!

After soaring and **tumbling**

through the air, I

landed right on top of Tiger Khan. Oof!

There was no mistaking him. He always **stank** like the sludge of





the terrible Stinky Swamp!

“Argh! Since when do **flying rats** exist?” one of the tigers near him spat.

Tiger Khan grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and **dragged** me right up to his scowling face. “And where did you come from? Hmm — haven’t I seen you somewhere before?”

Shaking like a giant fern, I was about to **mutter** my last words when Tiger Khan spotted something behind me. He turned as **white** as a slab of mozzarella.

I turned, too — and couldn’t believe my eyes.

The Tremendosauruses were **COMING** right for the Saber-Toothed Squad, with Cyclone in the lead!





# TREMENDOSAURUS REVENGE!

There is nothing — and I mean **nothing** — that scares saber-toothed tigers more than Tremendosauruses on the charge. And that's not surprising — even one step from baby Cyclone would squash them as **FLAT** as a slice of prehistoric provolone!

The Tremendosauruses **ran** right at the Saber-Toothed Squad, as determined as ever. Cyclone's mom grabbed some of the no-longer-so-fearsome felines and began to **TOSS** them in the air like pebbles. Another dinosaur grabbed a tiger by his tail and used his **SUPERSHARP** saber-teeth to scratch his back. One female



Tremendosaurus even picked a group of tigers and used them as **curlers** to curl her tail!

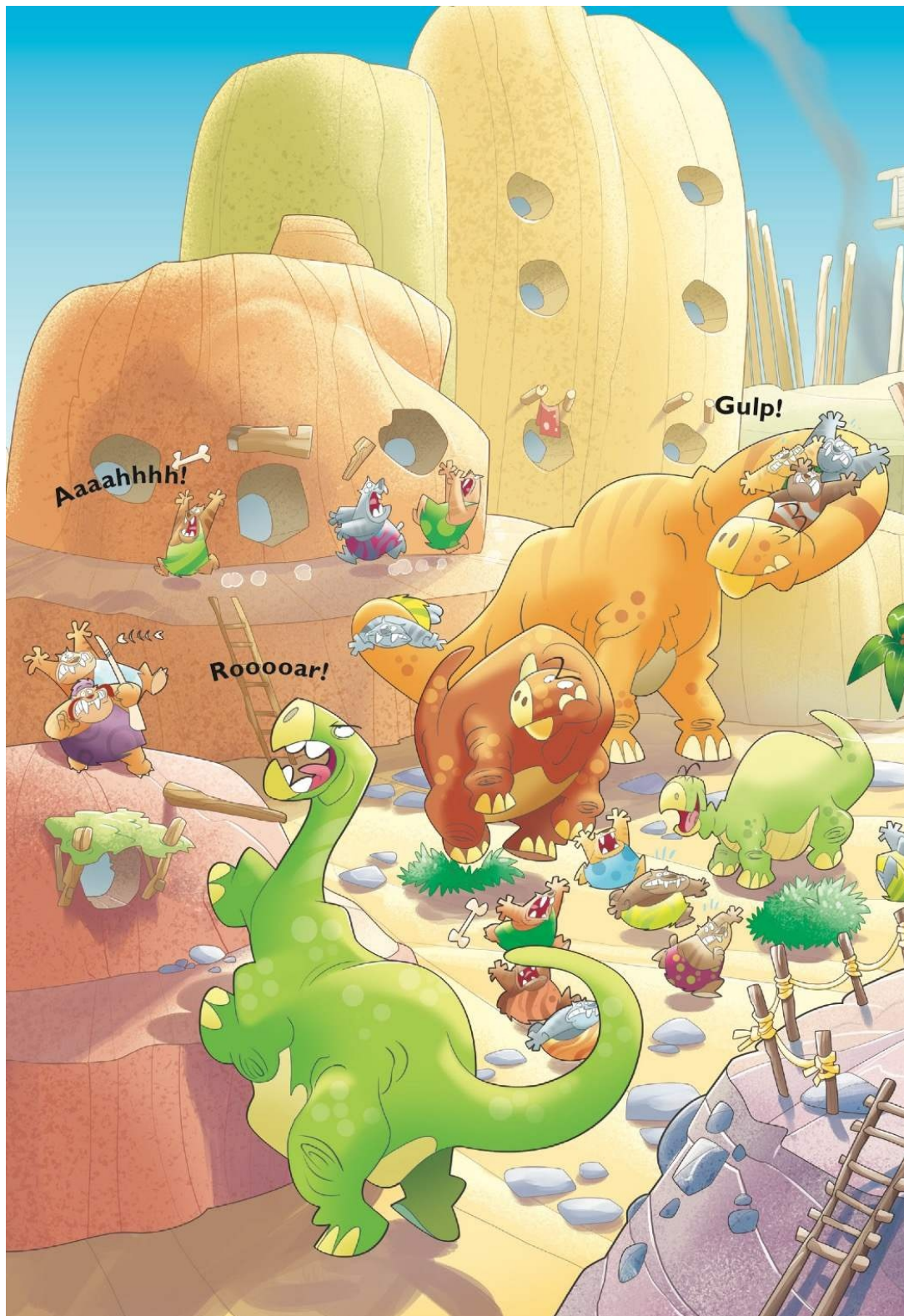
At the sight of the charging **beasts**, the other tigers scattered. Some of them **slipped**, some lost their balance, some hid as best they could . . .

But nothing could stop the **amazing** Tremendosauruses! They overpowered the felines like they were tiny ants, and tossed them far away.

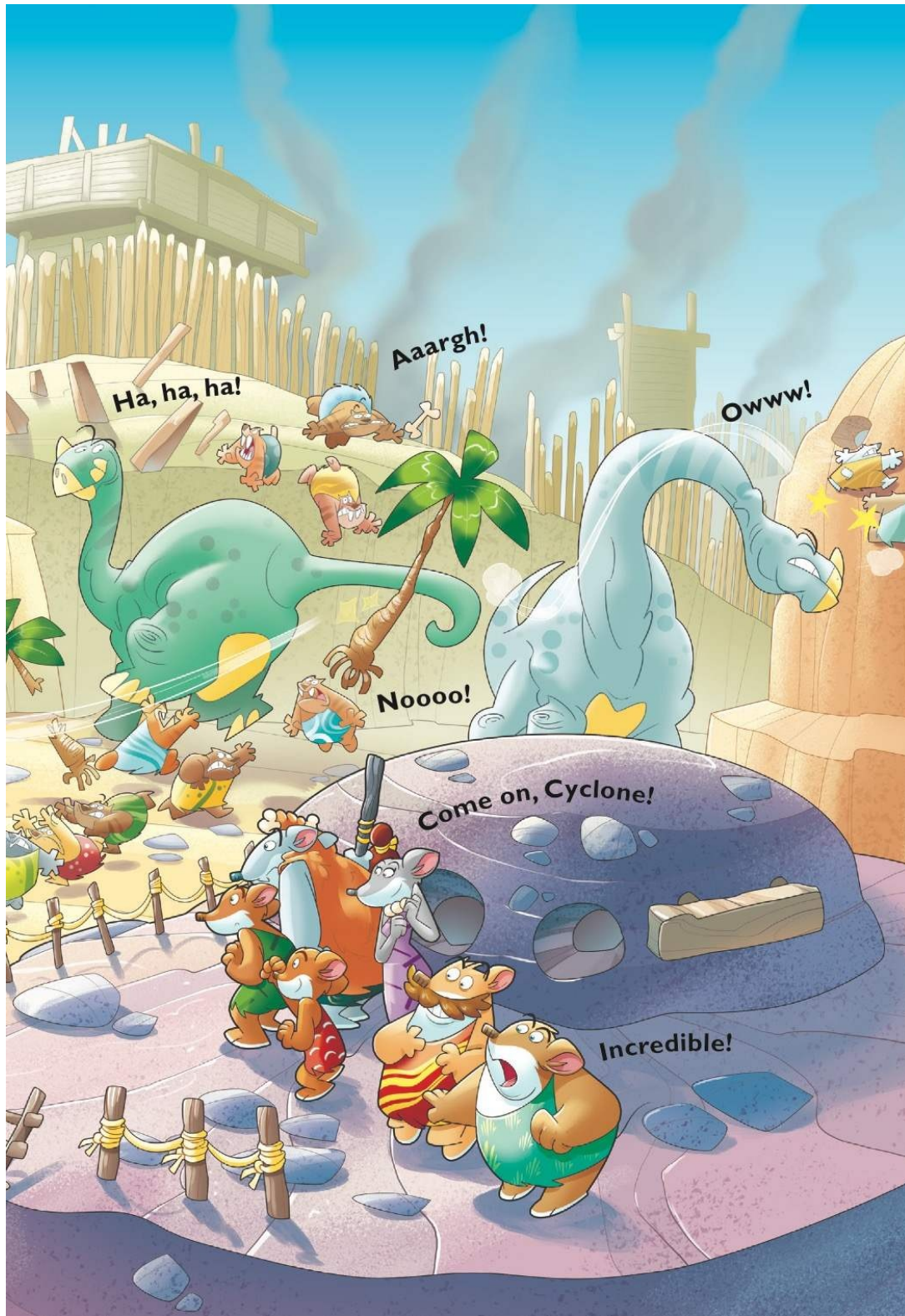
I had never seen tigers look so **terrified**! There was no hope for those nasty **fanged** felines.











Ha, ha, ha!

Aaargh!

Owww!

Noooo!

Come on, Cyclone!

Incredible!



The battle was **over** before it began!

Even Tiger Khan, who wasn't the brightest star in the sky, knew that the tigers **didn't stand a chance** against the dinosaurs.

**Purple** with rage, he cupped his big paws around his fangs and yelled with all his might, "**RETREAT!** Go back to Bugville, my brave companions! I just remembered







I have . . . ummm . . . I have an urgent **THING** to do there today!”

And so the tigers fled, exhausted and covered with bruises.

We all ran over to **hug** Cyclone. Old Mouse City was saved!

**VICTORY!**



The citizens of Old Mouse City poured out from behind the wall to **celebrate** the Tremendosauruses' victory. They had saved our city! And the beasts celebrated the only way they knew how, of course — they began to **RUN** and **jump** boisterously in and out of the city, causing panic and destruction!

They **CRUMBLED** the remaining pieces of the wall, demolished dozens of huts, **tore down** all the trees, and crushed whatever was crushable.

Thundering Tremendosaurus feet, **what a mess!**



**Ernest Heftymouse**, the head of the village, was beside himself. “Stiltonoot! You again! What is going on here?! A raid by the Saber-Toothed Squad might have been better than this!”

At that moment, a **HUGE ROCK** fell off a nearby roof and hit him right on the snout.

**BONK!**

Thea and Benjamin began **DEFENDING** the herd. “Try to understand them!” Benjamin explained. “The Tremendosauruses have some **WILD** habits, but that’s only because they’re used to living freely in open spaces!”







“Plus, it isn’t easy to **move** around in a city at their size,” Thea added. With a wink, she continued, “After all, you know what it’s like to be **BIGGER AND STRONGER** than everyone else, right?”

Heftymouse blushed. “Well, yes, I suppose I do.”

Then he remembered that he was supposed to be **ANGRY**. “But what does my superior mousely strength have to do with these destructive beasts?!”

Just then, an **IRRITATED** Tremendosaurus headed his way. Suddenly, the head of the village changed his tone!

“No, no, I didn’t mean beasts — I meant sweet, **delicate** creatures . . . who are so lovely, and such beautiful, superchic colors!”



The dinosaur **huffed**, unconvinced, but headed back to the rest of the herd.

“The good news,” Benjamin said, “is that our friend Cyclone offered to teach his herd some **good manners** . . .”

“And the Tremendosauruses have all volunteered to help **repair** the wall and the destroyed houses!” Thea added.

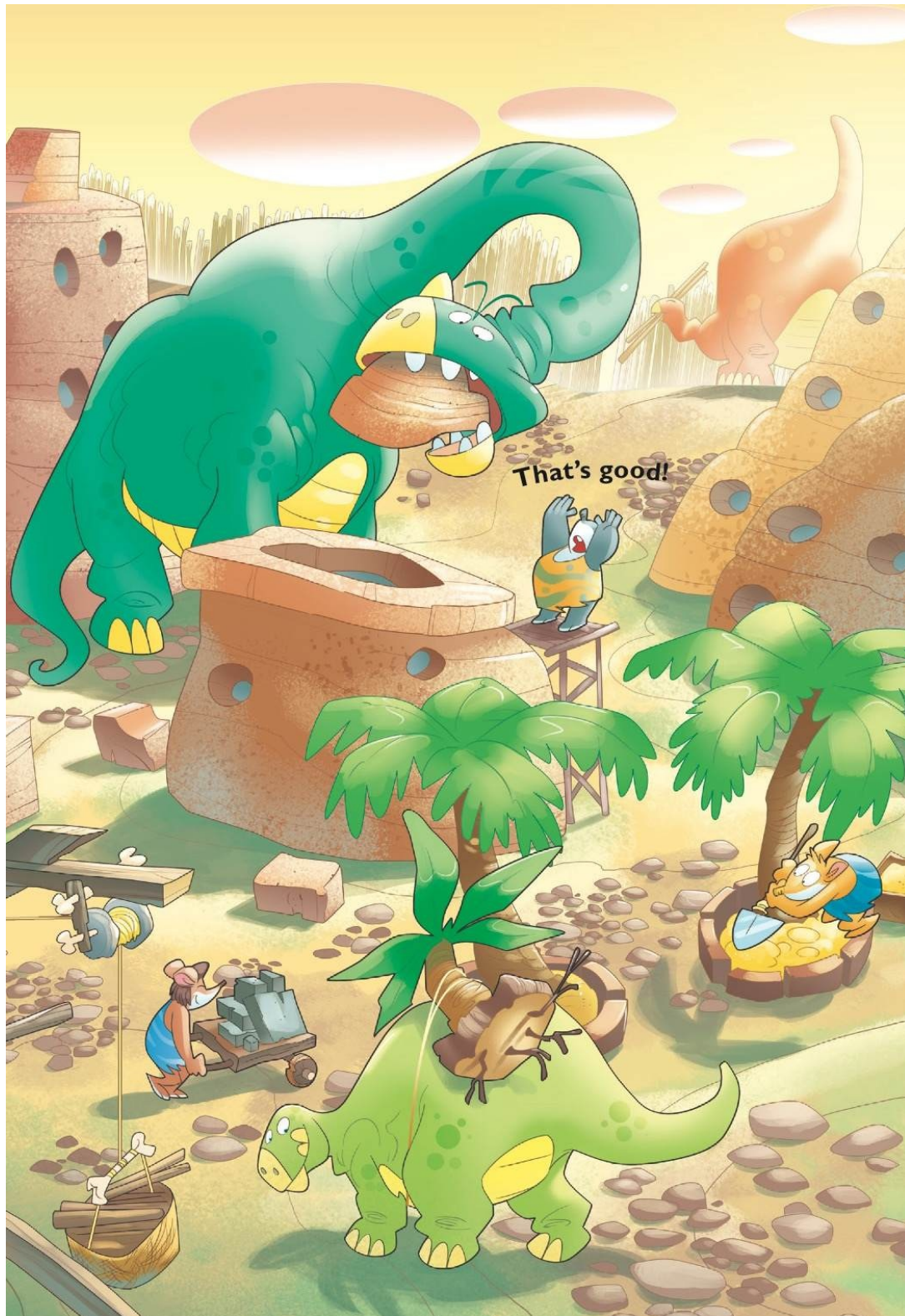
Heftymouse raised an eyebrow. “Well, by the Great Zap, that is **good news**!”

And in just a few hours, thanks to the **hard work** of the Tremendosauruses, the wall was back in place, the huts were repaired, and the trees were replanted. Old Mouse City was good as **new**!

It was time for our enormouse friends to head home. Trap had finished cleaning his tavern by then and could come and say **good-bye** to Cyclone.









The little dinosaur licked our faces one by one, then gently hugged Benjamin with his tail. Cyclone shook his big head with **emotion**.

“Me, too,” said Benjamin, drying his **tears**. “I will never forget you!”

Then the dinosaur romped over to his mom, and the herd began their **JOURNEY** back to their valley.

“Well, I have to say that I’m going to miss





that **troublemaker** a little bit,” I admitted, feeling sad to see him go.

“Me, too!” Benjamin said with a sigh as he watched the Tremendosauruses **TREK** into the distance.

And so, dear friends, with a bit of sadness (but also some relief!), our **STRANGE ADVENTURE** with the most hotheaded, wild — and helpful! — Tremendosaurus of the prehistoric world came to an end.

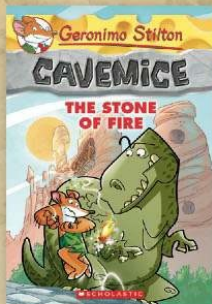
Even though I may be a bit of a scaredy-mouse, I promise I’ll be ready for my next adventure in the Stone Age, or I’m not . . .

**Geronimo Stiltonoot,  
Cavemouse!**

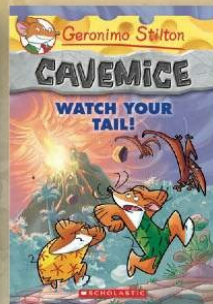




**Don't miss any adventures  
of the cavemice!**



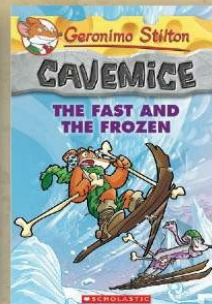
**#1 The Stone of Fire**



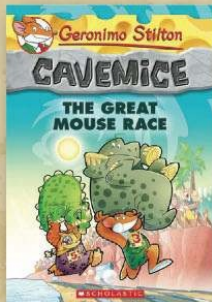
**#2 Watch Your Tail!**



**#3 Help, I'm in Hot Lava!**



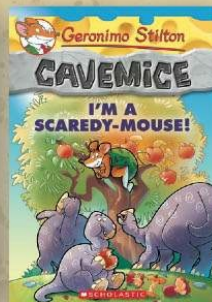
**#4 The Fast and  
the Frozen**



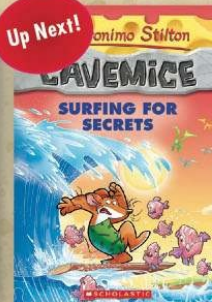
**#5 The Great Mouse Race**



**#6 Don't Wake the  
Dinosaur!**



**#7 I'm a Scaredy-Mouse!**



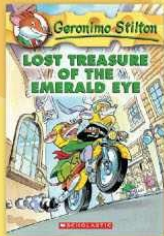
**#8 Surfing for Secrets**

**Up Next!**

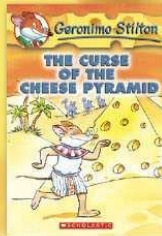




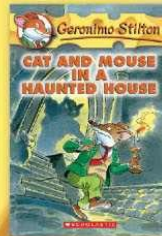
**Be sure to read all my  
fabumouse adventures!**



**#1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye**



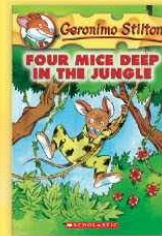
**#2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid**



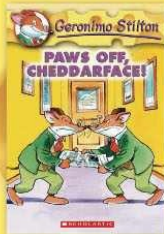
**#3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House**



**#4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!**



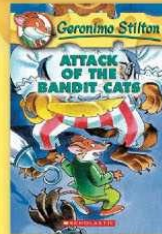
**#5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle**



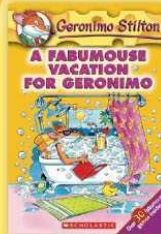
**#6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!**



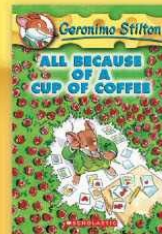
**#7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count**



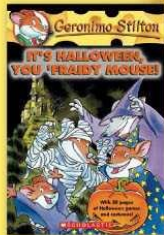
**#8 Attack of the Bandit Cats**



**#9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo**



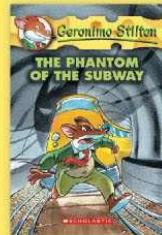
**#10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee**



**#11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!**



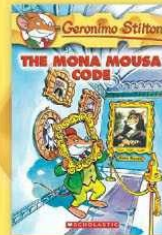
**#12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!**



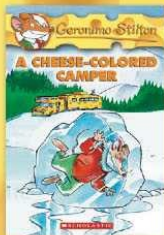
**#13 The Phantom of the Subway**



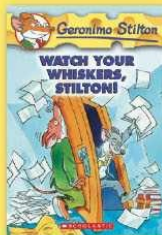
**#14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire**



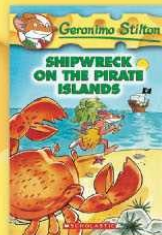
**#15 The Mona Mousa Code**



**#16 A Cheese-Colored Camper**



**#17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!**



**#18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands**

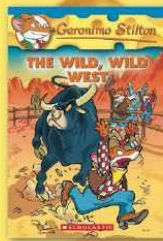


**#19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton**

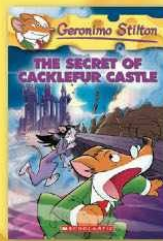


**#20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!**





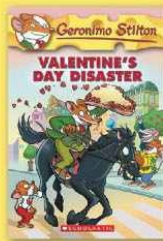
#21 The Wild, Wild West



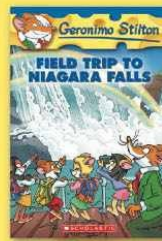
#22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle



A Christmas Tale



#23 Valentine's Day Disaster



#24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls



#25 The Search for Sunken Treasure



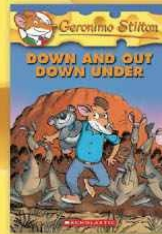
#26 The Mummy with No Name



#27 The Christmas Toy Factory



#28 Wedding Crasher



#29 Down and Out Down Under



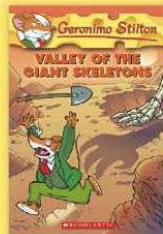
#30 The Mouse Island Marathon



#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief



Christmas Catastrophe



#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons



#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery



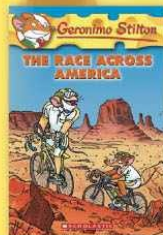
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent



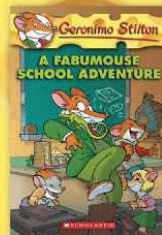
#35 A Very Merry Christmas



#36 Geronimo's Valentine



#37 The Race Across America



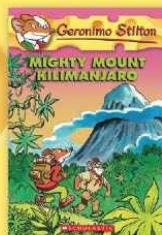
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure



#39 Singing Sensation



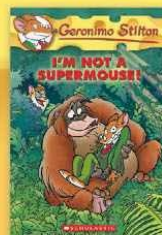
#40 The Karate Mouse



#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro

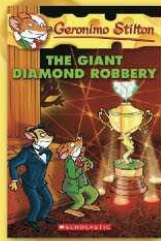


#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief



#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!





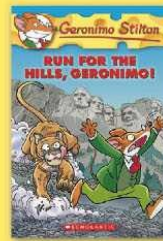
#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery



#45 Save the White Whale!



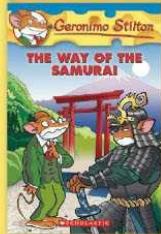
#46 The Haunted Castle



#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!



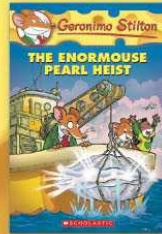
#48 The Mystery in Venice



#49 The Way of the Samurai



#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!



#51 The Enormous Pearl Heist



#52 Mouse in Space!



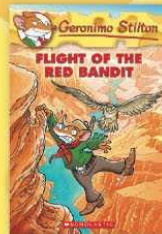
#53 Rumble in the Jungle



#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!



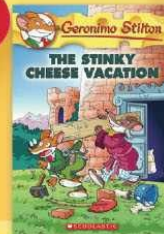
#55 The Golden Statue Plot



#56 Flight of the Red Bandit



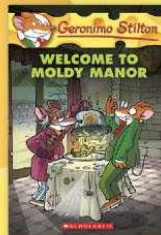
The Hunt for the Golden Book



#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation



#58 The Super Chef Contest



#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor



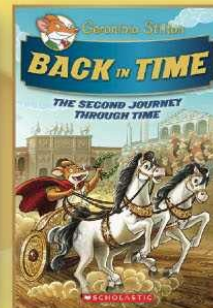
The Hunt for the Curious Cheese



#60 The Treasure of Easter Island



**Don't miss  
my journeys  
through time!**

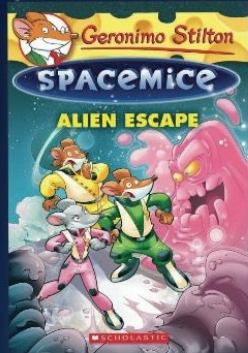




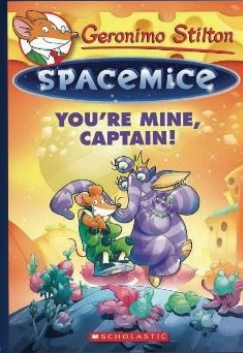
# MEET GERONIMO STILTONIX



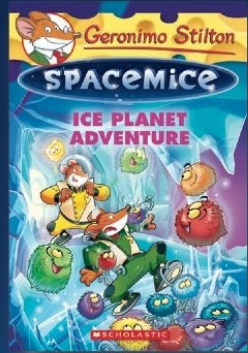
He is a spacemouse — the Geronimo Stilton of a parallel universe! He is captain of the spaceship *MouseStar 1*. While flying through the cosmos, he visits distant planets and meets crazy aliens. His adventures are out of this world!



#1 Alien Escape



#2 You're Mine, Captain!



#3 Ice Planet Adventure



#4 The Galactic Goal

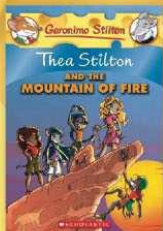




**Don't miss these exciting  
Thea Sisters adventures!**



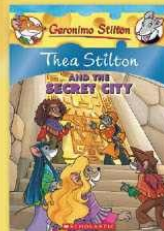
Thea Stilton and the  
Dragon's Code



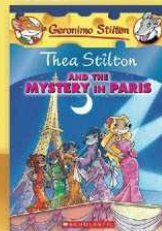
Thea Stilton and the  
Mountain of Fire



Thea Stilton and the  
Ghost of the Shipwreck



Thea Stilton and the  
Secret City



Thea Stilton and the  
Mystery in Paris



Thea Stilton and the  
Cherry Blossom Adventure



Thea Stilton and the  
Star Castaways



Thea Stilton: Big Trouble  
in the Big Apple



Thea Stilton and the  
Ice Treasure



Thea Stilton and the  
Secret of the Old Castle



Thea Stilton and the  
Blue Scarab Hunt



Thea Stilton and the  
Prince's Emerald



Thea Stilton and the Mystery  
on the Orient Express



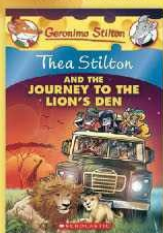
Thea Stilton and the  
Dancing Shadows



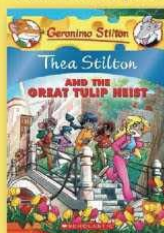
Thea Stilton and the  
Legend of the Fire Flowers



Thea Stilton and the  
Spanish Dance Mission



Thea Stilton and the  
Journey to the Lion's Den



Thea Stilton and the  
Great Tulip Heist



Thea Stilton and the  
Chocolate Sabotage



Thea Stilton and the  
Missing Myth



Thea Stilton and the  
Lost Letters



# Old Mouse City

(MOUSE ISLAND)

GOSSIP  
RADIO

THE CAVE OF  
MEMORIES

THE STONE  
GAZETTE

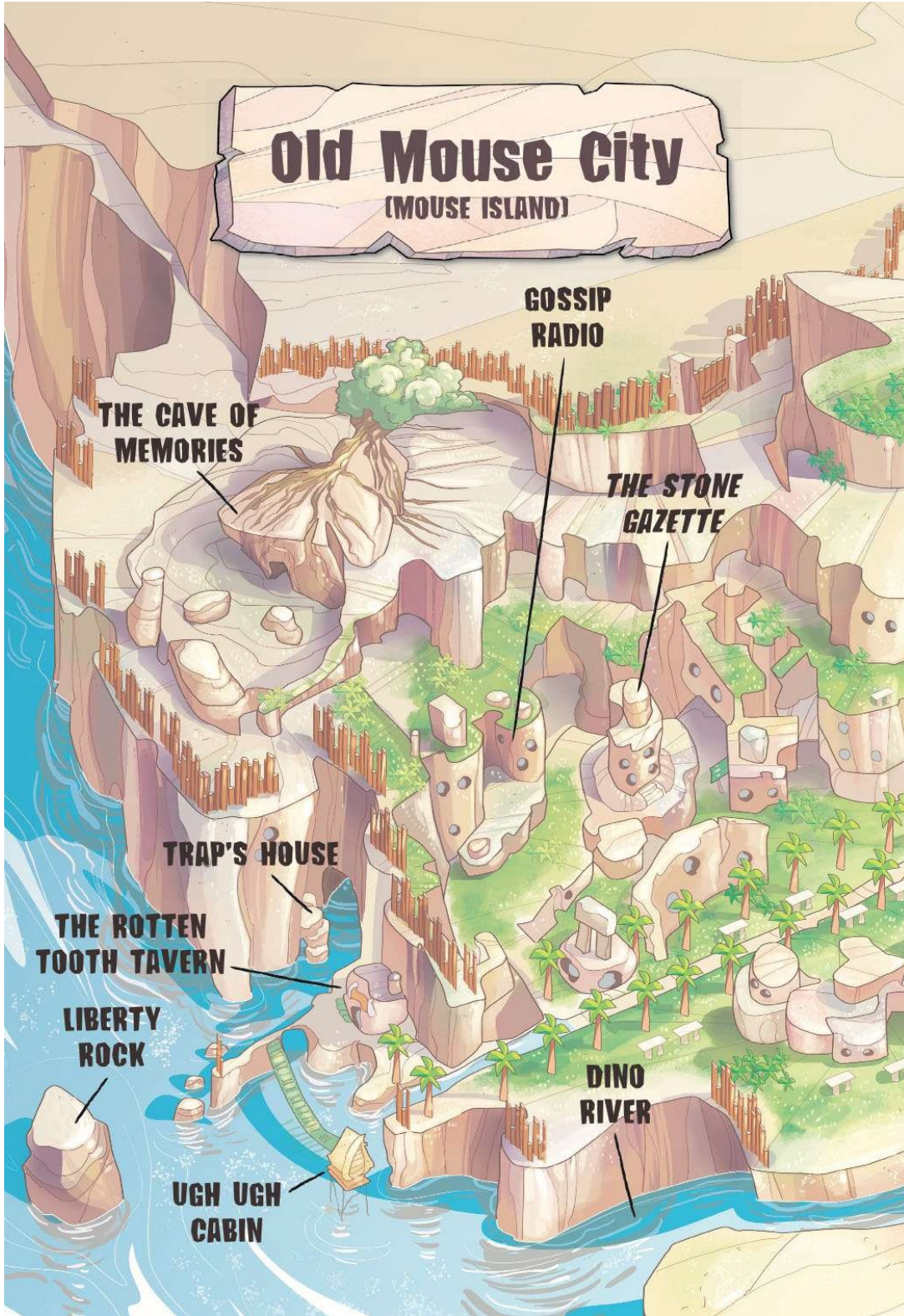
TRAP'S HOUSE

THE ROTTEN  
TOOTH TAVERN

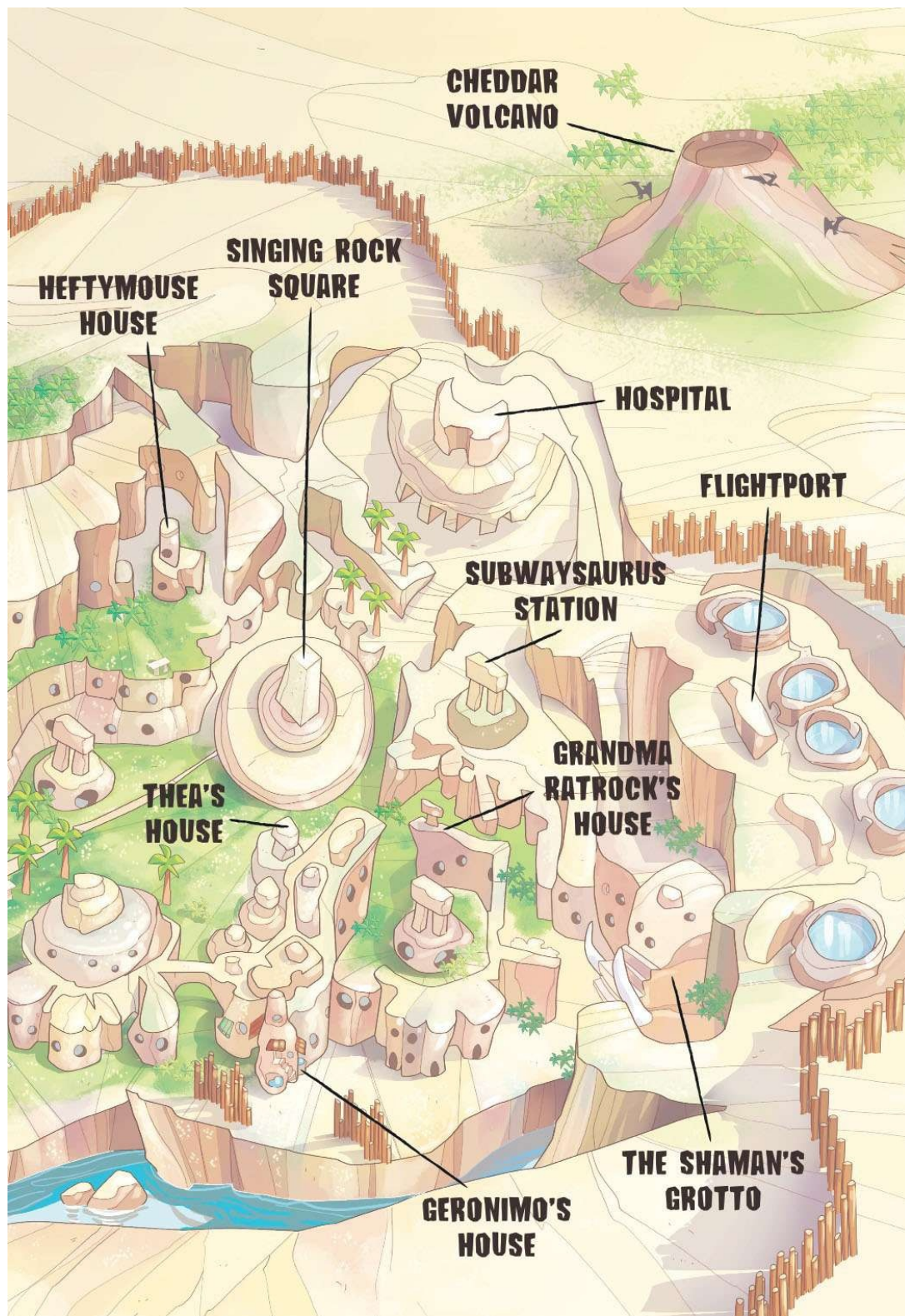
LIBERTY  
ROCK

UGH UGH  
CABIN

DINO  
RIVER







**DEAR MOUSE FRIENDS,  
THANKS FOR READING,  
AND GOOD-BYE UNTIL  
THE NEXT BOOK!**







# WHO IS GERONIMO STILTONOOT?



He is a cavemouse — Geronimo Stilton's ancient ancestor! He runs the stone newspaper in the prehistoric village of Old Mouse City. From dealing with dinosaurs to dodging meteorites, his life in the Stone Age is full of adventure!

## I'M A SCAREDY-MOUSE!

Geronimo Stiltonoot and his family save a young dinosaur from the river! The dinosaur and Benjamin quickly become friends, and the dino turns out to have tremendous talent . . . for mischief! Can Geronimo get him back to his herd before he causes a megalithic disaster?



 **SCHOLASTIC**



APPEALS TO  
**2<sup>ND</sup>-4<sup>TH</sup> GRADERS**



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